THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1888.

Original Novelet.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

The summer was ended. The leaves fell many tinted to the ground, and brown nuts dropped with them from the trees. The days grew shorter and drearier, the birds ceased to sing, in great flocks migrating to southern and more genial latitudes. The golden mists of the autumn descended softly upon the hills, and cast a departing, sombre glory over the universal decay. The season's hardy flowers budded and perished, and soon bare, gaunt boughs stood out in drear, tragic majesty against the vivid blue of the heavens. There were prophecies of tempests, of white, winter snows in the occasional gathering skies, and in the peculiar amber sunsets.

It was the day before that appointed for the marriage of Ruth and Philip—a mild, still, windless day, such as should bless all autumn bridals. Through the leafless trees shone glimmeringly the sinking sun, casting delicate shadows on the ground, a few snow-birds piping their melancholy twitter among the branches. Both ocean and sky were indicative of the goniality of this autumnal day.

Philip Ahrenfeldt had not yet returned. His coming had been delayed. He had written that not before the eve preceding that of their marriage could he be at the island. He did not say he could not, because he would not, but there was one who knew the meaning of his words to be that and that alone, although in vague, insincere letters of regret to his betrothed, letters whose every line carried a hidden sting for Sonora, he spoke of his inevitable engagements.

"Go on Ruth," he said, in a vein of double meaning and cold sarcasm, which she to whom he wrote never dreamed of nor detected, "go on, and make ready for our happy marriage, for it shall be so—only, only she whom I love can tell *how* happy! Heaven knows that my affection for her is ever the same."

Thus, wrapping herself closer and closer in her unconscious delusion, Ruth Hallowell read and believed. Even so late as the very day before her marriage, saw her joyfully hoping for Philip Ahrenfeldt's return.

During the afternoon, commissioned by her mother, Sonora went to the next village to purchase certain little luxuries which Mrs. Hallowell, high in matronly pride and exultation, must needs possess to grace the day of Ruth's wedding.

Ruth's wedding! the girl herself could scarcely comprehend the meaning of the term. What was it,—this new, dreamy phase of life on which she was about to enter? Of what consisted this misty future, to which her eyes turned so longingly, and to which she believed others than her own turned likewise. Did he not write to her kind letters, full of expressions of impulsive hope, of anxious expectation? And was not that night, that very peaceful night to bring him back again?

Poor soul, poor deluded soul!

Why were not her feminine instincts of themselves aroused? Why did not some good angel warn her in her happy dreams of all this? No woman could be more content, more trusting, more glad of her lot than was this one; and yet at the same time impended above her hopes to destroy them, above her beauty to sear it, above her youth to embarrass it—what?

Sonora went as I have said to a New Jersey village in the boat of one of the men whose cabins dotted at intervals the poor barren island. He was a fellow rather better than the class to which he belonged, and as he rowed the young girl over the bay, he told her in his brusque, rough manner, the old, musty legends of that part of the country. Now he raised his oars dripping from the water, and pointed out some part of a distant shore, celebrated as the scene of a revolutionary battle, in which he said his own forefathers had fought and perished; now he showed her the tall spire of the new church just being raised at the next town beyond where she was going, and which glittered in the waning sunlight like a spear of flame. Then he spoke of the dangerous rocks, through whose intricacies he dared even then, secure of his skill, to guide the skiff, and related how once, long before, in a single tempestuous night three great vessels and all the lives they bore, had perished upon them.

Sonora, leaning back in the prow, glanced meditatively as she heard this, on the craggy summits jutting forth from the water, and sighed. She had thought much lately of the futility, the ignobleness of uncherished and unused life, and the idea that these souls, many of them perhaps, basely encrusted with wasted divinity were brought in the twinkling of an eye as it were into the Holy Presence, to be judged for an eternal existence, awoke a galling, heavy sense of her own weaknesses.

"How much, oh, Father," was the cry in her gentle heart, "have I too left, undone that I should do? How many of *my* talents have I buried like a miser in the ground!"

Reaching her destination, she bade the man return for her at the end of an hour, then gathering up her dress from contact with the wet sand, on she went towards the heart of the village, whose white cottages extended down to the very shore on which she stood.

It was singular what cold, acute delight this young girl experienced in providing these little outward testimonials for the morrow's festival. It was singular with what minute satisfaction she spared herself the lash of no torture which her present undertaking could inflict. She threw open the portals of her soul, and bade enter as invited guests, all emotions which she considered meet for her punishment.

Denying herself no detail of deed or reminiscence, thoughtfully Sonora acquitted herself of her tasks, then with a very dejected sense of victorious duty burning in her breast, she came back again to where she had left the boat moored, and where it was to await her. But it was not there. It was late. The sun was down, the pale stars were beginning to appear one by one, and brilliant clouds were fading goldenly into the soft, solemn twilight.

The girl stood awhile to look wistfully over the tender beauty of the West, then bent her eyes anxiously along the shore to look for her boatman. He was not there, and not a skiff or vessel of any kind was in sight, the glassy expanse of water lying before her with not an opposing ripple on its smooth surface. Somewhat annoyed, yet confident that the man would soon return, she sat down upon a loose pile of driftwood, and began to look around her rather fearfully, for the shades of night were gathering rapidly, and the sharp cold autumn twilight hastening to its dreary close. Faster and faster fell the darkness, till she could see but a little way beyond the bright margin of the water.

At last, very faintly came the muffled sound of oars. By degrees, looming slowly through the night, appeared the well-known bow of the expected boat. Sonora sprang up joyfully.

"Is it you, John Beebee?"

His thick, indistinct voice gave her some reply, which scarcely heeding, she sprang into the boat, and made ready for the return voyage. Meanwhile her companion said little or nothing. Half the distance to the island had been gone over in almost total silence, when, noticing the man's taciturnity as contrasted with his former loquacity, Sonora attempted, from the mere whim of the moment, to draw him into conversation. It was in vain. She commented on the early descent of the evening, the highness of the tide, the increasing darkness—anything and everything, to divert him from his unpleasant moroseness; yet to what she said she received in reply only monosyllables. All that she could definitely draw from him was that he had gone away from the beach on some business of his own, and had been detained beyond his expectations, thus keeping her waiting for him. The young girl was too busy with her own thoughts to allow herself to be greatly surprised at this transformation, and soon lost herself in a deep reverie. After the next day had passed, she felt with a sigh that she must guard her secret more zealously than ever from human knowledge. When this marriage had once taken place, and Ruth had arrived at the dignity of her bridal honors, never, *never* must a word, a murmur pass *her* lips.

If aught were said, aught revealed, she knew it must be said *that night* or never! To-morrow would be too late.

That night!

A despairing triumph sat enthroned in the mind of this young creature as she rowed by all the holy words her memory retained, by all sweet remembrances of bygone sisterhood, by all high, holy integrities, to lock this thing *that night* and evermore from mortal knowledge. And some day, not far distant, she would yet be happy she thought in witnessing their happiness; for Philip, she rested assured, would in time grow to love Ruth as he had of old, before she came to mar the plan of their future.

"But only for a time," she said, softly smiling, "only for a little time. Everything will yet be well."

So she said, and so she believed.

The air was growing damper every moment. The very curls upon her forehead grew limp and straight in the moist November atmosphere. Shivering at once with a sense of dispiritedness and of cold, she drew closer the small woollen shawl she wore.

"You are chilly," said the boatman, noticing the action.

"A little, but it is no matter. I shall soon be home now. How near the light seems!—nearer perhaps than it is. No," she said, gently evading the man's attempt to place upon her shoulders some mantle which he had thrown impulsively from his own, but whose form or color she could not in the darkness distinguish, "no, John, I am not so cold as that. Put on your cloak again, I entreat."

And she returned it to him immediately.

"You will not!"

She paused, wonderingly struck as it were with a flood of old remembrance. What a strange, thrilling ring this boatman's voice assumed!

"Thank you, John," she said, with a quiet laugh, "do you think I should be any the more comfortable to know that I had robbed you, and to see you shivering before my eyes."

"I should not shiver," he replied, with singular distinctness of enunciation, "these oars will keep me warm." As he said this he returned to them in energetic silence.

"John?" cried Sonora, with sudden inquiry.

There was no answer—not the least.

"John—John Beebee—is it you, *really* you?"

Still no reply.

Sonora sat cowering in the skiff, striving to penetrate the gloom which lay between them, and bid her companion's features from recognition. She was more than half afraid to give credence to her suspicion. A little while passed thus. Emboldened by suspense she leaned desperately forward and touched his shoulder.

"John, speak again, I implore you."

He did speak. It was but to utter one word.

"Sonora!"

And that word was all the proof she needed. She sank back again to her seat.

"This is cruel," she said, "ungenerous."

"I know it," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, with bitterness, "but it is your own doing. See to what you force me, to what uncouth extremity you drive me! I was aware by old experiences that you would not willingly see me, no, not even to bid me farewell when a few more hours will place us as far removed as are earth and heaven. I knew this—therefore I have deceived you. By mere accident I saw you when you landed. In your absence I bribed John Beebee to give up his place. I trusted to the darkness to aid the deception, as it has. And now for one fleeting, sweet half hour, speak to you I will, and listen to me you must."

"Must?" echoed Sonora, indignantly.

"Yes, must. What shall prevent it?"

"A generous question, when you know you have me in your power!"

"Generosity! think you a desperate man will be withheld by so idle a thing? Do not tremble. You have no cause for fear. I choose to hold a final interview with you, and I do, you see, even against your own will. Does not remorse pierce you, Sonora, for all this? Is your mind at ease? Can you bid me to-night an unmoved, eternal farewell? Oh, Sonora, Sonora!"

As he pronounced her name, his hard, defiant tone sank to the level of supplication. Hearing it, Sonora, nervous and excited, suddenly bowed her face upon her hands and burst into a hearty fit of weeping that seemed to rive from her some portion of her life and strength.

Ahrenfeldt ceased rowing, and resting on his oars allowed the boat to drift with the tide. He could not see the face of her whose companionship or absence had been the joy or trial of the last few months, but her wild sobs clove the misty air, and in attesting to her presence, likewise sent through his frame a cold, barbarous joy.

"You suffer," he said, exultingly; "you feel at last something of the keen torture which so long you have inflicted on me. Open your heart, Sonora Hallowell, to receive it, for I tell you truly, all the days of your life you shall know nothing but similar woe. Take it in with your breath!—from this hour you shall know no other respiration! Is it galling—is it bitter?"

"Go on," cried Sonora, with spirit, "go on. Sneer at me—threaten me, it is all one now. By so doing you will only make my poor sacrifice the more easily attainable, and the less to be regretted. Go on—go on! I should have known this—I should have been aware that honor—"

"Honor!" he interrupted, "this is no time to name it. Do not speak of it. I will not hear you condemn again the appearance which our relative positions indicate. Here—this hour—on the eve of my marriage, I assert that it is you who are dishonorable in dragging into a deceitful appearance of wedded happiness, your only sister, when by a word you might save her—save her; but you will not! No! deliberately, wilfully you make her the wife of a man, who, throughout his whole life, must act a lie to maintain her in her false place; or who, by revealing it, will crush her to the earth, when rejection of it, as her mortal destiny, has become impossible. Impossible through you, her sister, *and you alone.*"

Sonora's sobs grew convulsive at this last phrase. She had endeavored to speak—to *entreat* a merciful cessation of this merciless argument, if she could not *command* it, but too great emotion rendered her words inarticulate. She sat there, now that he had finished, like one smitten with unendurable grief. Still the skiff drifted quietly out with the tide.

A pause followed, into which was compressed a deep, comprehensible meaning. To Sonora it said, "Yield, *yield*, YIELD! Pity Ruth, him and *yourself*, and YIELD!"

To Ahrenfeldt the silence was heavy with daunted hopes and a humiliating sense of the unworthiness of his position. It seemed to reproach him with the broken hearts of two as pure women as the sunlight ever shone upon—it seemed to cover him with shame and severe rebuke. His eye quailed, he began to battle against his inclinations, to return again to the path which even in moments of strongest temptation he knew to be that of duty. He took the oars, and with a sullen splash, indicative of his state of mind, dipped anew into the sea. Again the boat glided onward.

Scarcely, however, had he felt the motion, when repenting repentance, he drew in the oars once more, with a gesture of desperation and impatience.

"Sonora," he cried, with all his dismay and forlorn passion quivering in his voice, "this shall not be. I cease to demand, I only *entreat* your affection—I beg of you to love me! What am I and what are you that you should refuse? What are our brief existences that we should dare avert from them the purest bliss they are constituted to enjoy? To day we live—to-morrow we die. Surely God intended His creatures to be happy, and happy we two cannot be apart. Again I ask you to be my wife? Who will care for you more than I? None, none! I say this to you solemnly—I know you will believe it."

Sonora dared not raise her bowed head to look at him even in that dim light. She feared the obscured sight of his earnest face would cause unwilling consent to spring to her lips.

"Speak!" he continued; "tell me if you will be the blessing of all my days."

Still she was silent.

Then it was that his impatience rose, augmented, overpowered him. His eyelids and lips trembled with rising anger.

"It is all in vain, then! You fling me upon a blasted, aimless future—you destroy me, body and soul—you cast from me my humanity—you make me now and forever a demon, cursed alike by God and man. Even my poor weak brother, if he knew me as his rival, could not wish me a worse fate than this."

His exaggerated language appalled Sonora. "It cannot be so very wrong," she said, with abrupt, inward determination. "I see now that Ruth must be sinned against either way I act. I will, I *must* choose THIS!" Then she added, aloud: "Oh, Ruth, Ruth, my sister, forgive me!"

Had it been light enough, Ahrenfeldt would have been shocked to behold the unnatural pallor, the haggard, stern resolution on that fair countenance. Love which she could not quench, conscience which she could not stifle, shone glimmeringly through the newly arrived decision, that made Sonora so statue-like of appearance.

"Philip!" she said, huskily, "God pardon me, but I can endure this no longer! I perceive now, that this marriage would have been your ruin. You have tried me too sorely. At this last moment I consent. Take me—I yield. I will be your wife. I *must* be with you—must see you always—Heaven pity and forgive us both!"

Ahrenfeldt seemed struck with sudden awe. He took her cold, outstretched hands in his own, he pressed upon them wild, thankful kisses, but there was at his heart no triumph, no proud sense of exultation. Humbled caresses were those he left upon her hand, most unmeet for any betrothal but this.

"Sonora, say it again! Tell me once more you will be my wife."

She said it. The words fell from her lips like frozen tears. "Philip, freely and willingly I will marry you!"

"Swear it," he cried; "swear it by some token, so that I cannot doubt. This seems too unreal to be true."

Sonora hesitated.

"Be it so," she said, sadly. "I swear it, then, by my broken faith to Ruth."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt shrank back somewhat.

"She is wild," he thought. "Too much sorrow oppresses her mind. You promise to be my wife," he said aloud, and with returning impetuosity, "but when, *when?*"

She laughed a hard, short laugh, that fled over the water like a gust of wind.

"When? Why not to-morrow? Are not the guests bidden, the feast ordered, the robes made ready, and the bride, is she not—"

"Here, thank Heaven!" he broke in, "nowhere but here!"

He gathered her to him, clasping her in a strong, victorious embrace.

"Nothing," he said, lowly, "shall divide us now. Nothing. You are mine, and I, Philip Ahrenfeldt, am yours, so long as our lives do last."

"God forgive us!" was added by the white lips at rest upon his arm.

And "God forgive us" was the echo on his own, but, harshly, he crushed it back. He hardened his heart, and would not acknowledge by these words that he stood in need of divine pardon for the sin of treachery of which he stood convicted.

Bending, he touched her forehead lightly with his lips.

"Sonora," he said, eagerly, "listen to me. It is only over the present we have control. You and I, my child-wife, must not trust to the future. We cannot even tell what to-morrow may bring, what division it may make between us whom nothing but death henceforth should divide. Do you not see, anticipate what I would propose? This night, this very night, you must fulfill your solemn promise—you must become my wife."

She shuddered slightly, but made no other sign of having heard or comprehended. She *had* heard, she had comprehended, and dared not rebel. She thought the hand of destiny was upon her, and it could not now be thrust away.

Once again Ahrenfeldt bent to touch her forehead with his lips.

"Shall it be so?" he said, "shall we defy intervention? I claim you as my own—give me of your free will an imperative *right* to do so in the eyes of God and humanity."

Sonora trembled no more. She sat erect and cold with submissive resolution. Her tears flowed not, her very heart ceased to beat as she said, calmly,

"Do with me as you will. I love you, and for this reason I will dare all things for you."

A flash as of great joy crossed the face of Philip Ahrenfeldt. A feverish anxiety burned in his breast to set at rest forever the fate she had by these words pinned within his grasp.

"Sonora," he said, slowly, "you shall return to your father's house, then, A WIFE!"

He resigned her to her seat, he disposed her shawl about her with hurried care and victorious tenderness.

Seizing his oars, he began to row rapidly back to the New Jersey shore.

The lights of the village they had just left shone faintly through the night when they approached it again. The church clock slowly and solemnly rang out the hour as they landed.

"PEACE," HE SAID, STERNLY, "HOLD THE LIGHT FOR ME TO SEE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The door was suddenly burst open from without. Mrs. Hallowell was sitting in the kitchen alone. She started up, terrified and amazed.

"Mr. Ahrenfeldt! For patience sake what is the matter? You look as white—"

"Peace!" he said, sternly, "hold the light for me to see."

And he bent over some dark object lying by the doorway. He took it up, and striding in, deposited it on a wooden settee near the fire.

"It is Sonora," he said; "she fainted just now in the boat coming over. Quick! apply something to restore her. Don't stand gaping," he added, stamping his foot, "can't you see? She has fainted, I tell you. Bring some wine, brandy, anything."

The mother comprehended at last. She went to the foot of the stairs, wrung her hands in a sort of abstracted distress, and called Ruth.

Ruth came. It needed but a moment for a hurriedly glad greeting to Ahrenfeldt and another for explanation of the accident, before Sonora's white temples were being bathed with cold water, and brandy was being held to her tinctless lips. Ruth was entirely self-possessed. She knew exactly what to do, and how to do it. She gave her commands in a clear, calm voice, and they were executed.

"Chafe her hands," she said, and it was done. "Bring more brandy," and it was brought.

Ahrenfeldt stood by, looking haggard with his twofold remorse. Ruth did not notice this then. Afterwards she thought of it.

In a little while, Sonora's eyelids unclosed in a dreamy, listless way, and a low moan broke from her lips.

"She is living then, thank God," said Ahrenfeldt, fervently.

Ruth ceased to bathe her forehead, and, directing Ahrenfeldt, in a whisper, to take her place, went out of the room. Presently she came back again. Finding Sonora was still half unconscious, she bade him carry her up stairs to their chamber, which she had just prepared for her reception. He obeyed in silence, Mrs. Hallowell following with warm drinks.

Who can tell what was the nature of this man's thoughts as he laid his newly-wedded wife, his own wife, dying as he thought, upon her bed? Accusing sorrow for his ill-advised haste, probably burdened him with heavy but late repentance. He dared not confess to her friends the sacred relation which now she bore to him. His irresolute mind shrank from the confession. The more he deliberated upon it, the more he rejected the task.

The evening wore on, and no one knew save he, that Sonora was Sonora Hallowell no more. Two or three times he crept up to her room, in the darkness, and listened, feverishly, at her door for some sound that might reassure him, some broken words from her lips, that might ease at once his heart and conscience. But none came. She was delirious now, and he heard only her ravings, her shrieks of pain, and half stifled sentences indicative of great mental excitement. Evidently she was living over the events of the night. Once or twice he heard her call his name in a loud, strained, agonised tone of voice. But he dared not enter to reply to her. He could only sit there and listen to Ruth's gentle attempts to soothe her into quietude.

When he went noiselessly back to the kitchen, he sat meditating in solitude before the fire. The family had retired long since, and left him there alone; he had refused to follow; he had told them, carelessly, he did not wish to sleep, and had resisted all persuasions to induce him to do so.

Once, it was in the middle of the night, and everything about the house had grown still, Ruth came down to the kitchen, with a lighted candle in her hand, to procure something for Sonora. She entered so softly, that, sitting there, lost in reflection, with his blue eyes staring straight onward into the fire, he did not hear her.

She came up to him, and touched him wonderingly on the shoulder.

"Philip!"

He started at the sound of her voice as though he had been stung.

"What! wide awake at this time?" she said, with a smile; "why do you not go to your room?"

"I cannot sleep," he said; "I feel strangely restless to-night. How is Sonora?"

"Better. She has fallen into a sound slumber. Poor child—poor child, it will be long before she is herself again."

He resumed his fixed stare into the bed of embers, but spoke not a word.

Ruth stood hesitating as though she had something she wished to say. Presently she began:

"Philip, do you not think—that is—has it not struck you that—that owing to Sonora's illness, we should—should—"

She broke down then completely. A bright, mantling blush was on her cheeks.

"Should what, Ruth?" he said, looking up now, attracted from his sombre reverie by the sound of his wife's name.

"Should defer to morrow's ceremonies, till—till later?"

He did not answer. A bitter, perplexed sigh was all the reply she received.

At last he broke forth desperately:

"Ruth, to-morrow cannot, indeed, witness our marriage. I feel this more imperatively than you think. Oh, Ruth, Ruth, whatever you hear of me in the future, be merciful. Do not think too hardly of me!"

He started up, and began impulsively to pace the room. Ruth put down her candle and looked at him in surprise. His eyes were dilated, his face flushed, his manner incomprehensible. Her steadfast gaze seemed after awhile to draw his attention. He ceased walking, and paused directly before her.

"You think me going insane," he said, with a curious smile. "But I am not. I wish almost that I were. Ruth, may you never experience what I experience at this moment."

"And what is that?" she said, simply, relapsing into a childlike, confiding manner, which unconsciously to herself she often assumed in her interviews with Ahrenfeldt. "Tell me what it is. Who knows but that I have some potent spell to charm it away."

"You have none. Do not look at me in that good, trustful way. I cannot bear it."

He resumed his walk—but immediately came back again.

"Ruth, promise me one thing."

"I do, willingly. With my whole heart."

"Promise to try to forgive me, if you hear evil of me, promise to remember the weakness of human nature—and then, then—"

"Then, what, Philip?"

"Then," he said, passionately, "then forget me! Go—go back to Sonora. I—I hate to look upon you. Your eyes pierce me like poisoned daggers. Did you hear me? Go—go!"

He put his hand over his own eyes as though to shut her from his sight.

Ruth, affrighted, trembling with nameless fear, crept towards the door, but lingered wistfully around it.

"Are you still there?" he cried, without turning. "Why do you not obey?"

"I am here, Philip—but I will go, if you wish it truly."

"I do—truly, sincerely—go then! But stay, where is your promise, your promise to—to—"

"To forgive you, *Philip?* I have nothing to forgive."

"If she knew, if she only knew," he said, grinding his teeth—but, even now his moral strength was too weak to allow him to make the disclosure he dreaded. He did not even uncover his eyes, but stood with his back towards the direction whence her voice came.

"Philip," said Ruth, firmly, "either you are ill and raving, or something has happened which I ought to know. Be honorable, open, just. Tell it to me!"

"I cannot—I cannot."

"Then," she said, "take away your hands from your eyes, look at me—let me see you face to face, and I will promise."

He tore away his hands, and met her intent gaze with one equally fixed. Her glance was searching and keen.

"I promise," she said, sadly, and immediately left the room.

As soon as she had gone, he resumed his seat in front of the hearth. It was very late.

Worn out with the day's travels, the day's exciting action—he fell into an unrefreshing, restless slumber.

That same night Father Lee sat alone in his little chamber, writing. For the last year or two the good priest had been engaged in compiling a minute history of his native country—not a servile series of royal biography, but a democratic review of events and times, in which kings and queens appeared as they were in their actual existences—as the mere axles on which the great wheels of veritable government revolved. The old man's heart and soul were with his work. By night and by day, it engrossed all his time, all his attention. Now that it was near its completion, his anxiety, his interest increased threefold. He could scarcely leave it for slumber or other necessary physical refreshment.

His mild, faded eyes glittered with the enthusiasm of composition, and his pen moved rapidly over sheet after sheet. It was long after midnight when he ceased.

Leaning his aching head on his hands, he looked lovingly at the manuscript and volumes of reference by which he was surrounded, and fell into deep thought.

Some noise attracting his attention, he went to the window and looked out. Nothing was to be seen. Was he mistaken, or had he indeed heard the echo of feet up and down the path lying directly outside his window?

There! there it was again! Patter, patter—certainly it required a pair of feet to make that sound. Throwing the shutters wide open, he leaned out into the night.

"*Ruth,*" *he called,* "*Ruth!*"

She hung back at first, as though endeavoring to conceal herself, then a better thought predominating, she presented herself boldly at the window, which has been elsewhere described as being on the ground floor.

"Is it you, my child?"

"Yes, father."

"It is very late. Should you not come in now? How did you leave Sonora?"

"Better—very much better. She was sleeping soundly, or I should not have ventured away from her."

"Well, my child, why are you not in bed too? Come in—come in—I will unfasten the door."

He did so, and half reluctantly, half ashamed, Ruth entered. She sat down by the fire. Her face was very pale; her eyes wore a bright, restless sparkle which told that her mind was ill at ease.

"Ruth, my blessed child," said the old man, tenderly, after a pause, "something has gone wrong with you. May I not know—may I not help you?"

Her features hardened visibly, she seemed like a marble statue. In the faint, flickering light of the single candle, her beauty, ever of a marvellous character, took a strange, preternatural cast. Her eyes flashed as she said—

"Father, I feel to night in so singular a mood! Do I look wild, crazed, as though I had heard or seen something, which had troubled me, chilled me somewhat? Tell me—have I the air of one in a right state of mind?"

"Scarcely," he answered, smiling, and smoothing the hair on her broad forehead.

She drew nearer the fire.

"I am so cold," she said, shivering. "I have been out trying to warm myself with walking. Yet my head is hot—is it not strange?" She put up her hands abstractedly and smoothed away the stray locks which the night wind had blown over her statuesque face.

The church clock on the New Jersey shore opposite struck two. The clearness of the frosty atmosphere rendered the sound distinctly audible.

"Two o'clock! I did not know it was so late. You must go to bed, Ruth. Remember to-morrow. It will never do for you to be ill or languid on your wedding day."

"My wedding day! Ah!"

She seemed just to have remembered it. Then she repeated it again, lower, lower, softer and softer, till her voice was like the murmur of two brooks meeting musically together.

"My wedding day! Will that ever be? My wedding day!"

Such a singular smile just parted her lips, and revealed a glimpse of her white teeth.

"Well," she said slowly, and rising, "I will go back to Sonora. How curious that on this night of all others, she should sleep so peacefully, and I—yes, give me a candle, father, I will go."

He gave it to her. She moved towards the door, and hesitatingly returned again.

"Father, are you sure, sure I look like myself, to night?"

"Very sure, my child."

"I am not mad, or dreaming?"

"How foolish! You are sleepy—that is all."

"That is all," she repeated, "and yet my head has throbbed so, since I saw that—that paper—since I found it in Sonora's bosom, I fancied perhaps it might not all be right with me."

"You childish girl, go away at once."

She passed her hand within the fastenings of her dress, and drew out a fragment of paper, on which her eyes fastened themselves as drawn by a fascination which she could not resist. A smile, another cold, withering smile passed over her features, as she perused the characters inscribed upon it.

"Read!" she said, crumpling it and giving it a swift, unconsciously dramatic movement towards the aged priest. It fell at his feet; as he stooped to pick it up, she left the room suddenly. In closing the door, her flood of soft, defiant laughter almost froze the marrow in the old man's bones.

He gathered up the crumpled paper, and held it carefully to the light.

What did he see?

A certificate of marriage between Philip Ahrenfeldt and Sonora Hallowell.

He was still gazing at it with the face of one who dares not believe the evidence of the senses, and was going over again, one by one, its minutest technical details, when, returning, Ruth Hallowell opened the door.

"Give it to me," she said, hoarsely, imperiously. "I had no right to show it to you as yet. Give it to me. It is mine—mine till the right time shall come."

"My child—my Ruth!"

"Give it to me. I want no pity. I have need of none. My consolation is where you little think."

He placed it in her hands. She received it without further demonstration of emotion, and went away again.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

MIRTH.

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food.
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From disease, he must not weep.
But whosoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts or rheums,
Or lingerly his lung consumes,
But, contented, lives for aye—
The more he laughs, the more he may.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

☞ A lawyer in one of the Western courts lately threw a cane at another's head. The court required him to apologise to it. He did so, and added, "While I am about it, I may as well apologise beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get."

☞ A celebrated writer says that the wearing of veils permanently, weakens many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself, to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of dress.

☞ A worthy friend of ours, but who is imbued with very strong prejudices against the Irish, says that the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, may be entirely attributed to the fact of its having started from Ireland. He alludes to the well-known habit of improvidence among the Irish, and asks the directors, how, with the system of "*paying out*" that is generally pursued in Ireland, they ever could expect to *make both ends meet?*—*Punch.*

☞ When the French Ambassador had seen in Westminster-Hall the designs for the Wellington Monument, he rushed over to the Electric Telegraph office, and in breathless haste, forwarded to Louis Napoleon the following laconic despatch—"Waterloo is Avenged!"—*London Punch.*

☞ A cotemporary says, "There is a man up in our country, who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never had any corns or toothache—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn or beans—his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds. Reader, have you paid the printer in advance?"

☞ A little boy called upon one of our citizens last week, and offered some raspberries for sale. "Well, my son," says the citizen, "are there not worms in them." The little boy frankly replied, "I think there are some." Our citizen then said, "I don't want the berries, but as you are an honest boy and tell the truth, I will give you a dime." The boy retorted, "I don't sell my honesty."

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—CURIOSO'S IDEA.

Oh, Young America, once rash and wild,
How art thou fallen; how become a child.
Once thou didst sport a cane and beaver hat,
And smoke a long segar; and boasted that
Thou caredst not for thy mother, that to her
Thou wouldst not bow, or own her conqueror;
And more, that the whole world should know thy name,
Should read it high upon the list of fame,
Should find it where the mighty iceberge groan,
Or trace it through the scorching torrid zone,
Where Progress reared its head, you'd find it there
Defying other nations to compere.
How sad a task then 'tis for me to sing
This youth's tied to his mother's apron string!

☞ Some one says that dogs bark with such zeal when one enters their master's yard, that "one would suppose they owned the premises, and that their master was only a boarder."

☞ Miss Smith, (lately tried for poisoning an old lover in Scotland,) has received, since the trial, an amazing quantity of letters which were poured in upon this unhappy girl—letters, we believe, of the most frivolous nature, and chiefly written with a view of securing her autograph. Among these epistles, she told a friend, there were ten offers of marriage! If this be true, and there seems little doubt of it, we may well blush at the moral degradation of the men who wrote them.—*Dumbarton Herald.*

☞ "It is no doubt a true observation," says Bishop Patrick, "that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom."

☞ On the 19th inst., the Rev. — Lockhart, of Kilmaurs, died suddenly at his manse. It appears he had cut his face while shaving, and that some poisonous substance, supposed to have been in the soap, passed through his whole body, from the effects of which he died.—*English Paper.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

As bad news flies rapidly, probably all of our readers, even those in the most secluded parts of the country, will have heard of the partial suspension of specie payments by the Banks of this city, before our paper reaches them. The immediate cause of the event, was a general run upon the Banks, caused by the unanticipated suspension on Friday morning of the Bank of Pennsylvania. There had been a quiet run upon this Bank all the week, and it had paid out a considerable amount of specie to its noteholders and depositors by Thursday afternoon, but its Directors thought best to close its doors the next morning. During Friday, about $1,500,000 was paid out by the Banks, and the indications being of a still greater run on Saturday, it was unanimously thought expedient to suspend.

As a result of this determination, all of the Banks on Saturday declined to pay checks of their depositors, marking them "good," however, and receiving them mutually in payment of bills receivable and on deposit. As to their own notes, the course pursued varied. The Mechanics' Bank paid all its notes as rapidly as they were presented. The Bank of North America, the Tradesmen's and the Southwark Bank also paid all their notes, large or small. The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank paid all its notes within the denomination of $10.

The following Banks redeemed their $5 bills with specie, but declined to pay larger notes: Commercial, Commerce, Manufacturers' & Mechanics', Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, Girard and Kensington.

Of course, as we suppose everybody by this time knows, the Banking System is fundamentally a Credit system. No Bank, even in the best of times, could pay all its circulation and deposits in specie, if a sudden demand were made upon it. Taking the whole country, according to official statements, the Banks have over three dollars of notes in circulation for every dollar of specie in their vaults. This is the official statement, based on Bank returns; but the proportion of notes to specie doubtless much exceeds this. In this city, the circulation before the "run," we have seen estimated at about $4,000,000, and the specie at about $3,500,000. This amount of specie would be quite sufficient to meet any run of note-holders. But then there were deposits estimated at $20,000,000—and, as a matter of course, as soon as depositors began to show a want of confidence by demanding specie, the suspension of the Banks was simply a question of time.

Three dollars of notes to one of specie has generally been considered a sufficient specie basis. Of course every well conducted Bank, when it lends a thousand dollars of notes, has something to show for the amount loaned besides some three or four hundred dollars of specie in its vaults. The six or seven hundred balance is, or should be, composed of good, endorsed Bills Receivable. The inability of the Banks to pay their circulation in full, *at once*, in gold and silver, is no proof of their being insolvent. They have still, to pay the notes and deposites, if they have been carefully conducted, not only the Bills Receivable referred to, but their whole capital besides, invested more or less safely. Of course, where banks are recklessly managed, experience has furnished many sad proofs that even large capitals may be easily squandered. It is commonly believed, however, that the banks of this city have been as carefully managed, as a general thing, as any in the country.

We certainly hope that this suspension will be but temporary, and that the smaller descriptions of bank notes, at least, will continue to be redeemed by all—small amounts of specie also being furnished to depositors when needed. Such a course would materially alleviate the inconveniences of a state of suspension. The legal penalty of suspension, is a forfeiture of their charters by the Banks, so far as they come under the law of 1850—several of the Banks, however, are said to be not acting under the law of 1850, namely—the Pennsylvania Bank, the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, the Philadelphia Bank, and the Western Bank. The Governor having been applied to, to call an extra session of the Legislature, with a view to removing the penalties of the present state of things, has determined to convene an extra session of the Legislature on the 6th of October.

TRUE AND FALSE ECONOMY.

"Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of the life of thy vanity which He hath given thee under the sun, for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun."

The above means, it might be supposed, judging from much that we see around us, one of two things. Either to live in the most expensive manner that your means render possible—the wife especially indulging in servants, silks, jewelry, &c., to her "vanity's" content—or, else, to live in the most frugal and contracted manner, and let the poor wife, especially, feel that all the comfort she hoped for in this life, is something less than "vanity."

Now, neither of these two plans seems to us the right one—though really we are inclined to think the first the least censurable, as we judge extravagance to be less of a sin than parsimony. Do you disagree with us in this judgment, sober reader? Then, take up your New Testament, and consult its pages with direct reference to this matter, and you probably will be astonished to find that where extravagance and "wasting of substance" are censured once, the opposite faults of parsimony, moneyloving and avarice are ten times condemned. And the reason is, we suppose, that prodigality may be often found allied with a certain generosity and openness of nature, which is in itself no mean virtue; while parsimony freezes the soul, closes the heart of man against man, weds the thoughts to the things of this world, and is therefore termed "idolatry"—certainly it is the most prevalent form of idolatry among the present generation of Christians; what will not many of them sacrifice, in the way of principle, to save or to get money?

Of course we are not declaiming against a reasonable frugality, which, combined with and tempered by a reasonable faculty of spending, we hold to be the proper mode of "living joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of the life of thy vanity which He hath given thee under the sun." "For"—as our text further says, "that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun."

For example. We have known men who, when Providence has given them the means—from a too great fearfulness (and the "fearful" are classed in Scripture with the "unbelievers")—have denied themselves, and the "wives of their love," and their families, the comfort of some little addition or ornament to their dwelling, some little appendage to their household conveniences, some little summer or autumn tour—some this, that or the other thing which they have often declared if they had the money they would procure. Well, the money is given them—but a new passion, that of acquisitiveness, has come with it. The good Father has sent His gift—but, to counterbalance it, the Evil One sends his also. The money becomes suddenly too precious for its destined and reasonable uses—a large fortune grown out of this little "root" is floating before the owner's vision—investment or speculation follows—and what is the result? Often, the loss of the money, and nothing to show for it; often, the gain of more money, but still nothing, in a useful or high sense, to show for it. No greater amount of family comforts; no needed relaxation of the tug and strain of life; no "living joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest." Ah, often that wife, with her strong and keen instincts, would act far differently—would engage more help—would seek to enjoy in middle age the honey stored up in a toilsome youth—would delight in this little improvement of their comfort, or that little social joy. But the man is inexorable. He has lost the sweet delight of living, in the stern habit of continual doing. All ease and relaxation have grown to seem almost a crime. He has begun to think it a *duty* always to labor and to save, whether the necessity of so doing exists or not. In one word, he has lost in his great struggle for the *means* of living, the faculty and power of living; and the habit of acquiring for the sake of enjoying, has become so strengthened and perverted, that the only enjoyment he can find is in the acquiring itself.

Now, a little wholesome spending, in either of these cases, would have been a blessing. In the one case, the man would have something, at least, to show for his money. In the other, it would have saved him from sinking into a confirmed money-getter, and into that "love of money" which is, in this country, beyond all denial, the worst form of idolatry.

Let us not forget, therefore, that in Saving as well as in Spending, there is a happy medium. We have no doubt there is many a man, inclined to frugality, whose experience has often led him to commend himself for some act of spending which he rather doubted the propriety of at the time—as, we all know, there are many other cases, where men have censured, in after years, their own foolish and unwarranted outlays. At the present moment, we know well that these latter instances are all around us. But, let it not be forgotten that mistakes may be also made on the side of frugality as well as on that of extravagance—though we hear less of such mistakes, in consequence of the suffering from them being not of so open and obvious a character—and that, in the words of our text, it is the part of true wisdom for a man "to live joyfully," so far as his means will allow, "with the wife whom he lovest; for that is his portion in this life, and in his labor which he takest under the sun."

A WESTERN NOTION.—Mr. Kohl, a recent European traveller in the United States, thus hits off a rather amusing idiosyncrasy of our Western brethren:

In every book that I took up, treating of the geography of any Western State, a hundred and more excellent reasons were given why the particular town of which the patriotic writer was speaking was unquestionably destined to become the centre and metropolis of the whole northern continent—that astonishing, incomparable, miraculous "*Big City*" which Americans seem always to be looking for, as astronomers are for the central sun of our planetary system. Some decided for Cincinnati, some for St. Louis, some for Chicago. "Might it not be Dubuque?" I heard some one ask; "Dubuque has a very good chance." Another was enthusiastic for St. Paul, on the Upper Mississippi, and wondered every one did not see the immense advantages of its situation. Many fix their affections on the western extremity of Lake Superior, and buy as much land there as their capital will permit, convinced that there, after all, will be found the winner of the grand prize;—whilst still more far-sighted people shake their heads at that notion, and looking into the remote interior of Iowa or Missouri, see there the shadow of their great air castle.

That "Big City" confronts perpetually every traveller out West. He hears excited discussions continually going on in hotels, steamboats, &c., relative to the probabilities of this, that or the other place being *the* great city of the Mississippi Valley; and when he attempts to reconcile the disputants, by suggesting that there may be three or four very large cities of about equal size, he is put down at once as a very shabby sort of a peacemaker, who loves truth less than quiet. And yet, why there should be one great overshadowing city in the Mississippi Valley, eclipsing by many degrees all others, it would puzzle, we think, our Western friends to make very apparent.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS FOR THE TIMES.—The philosopher, Seneca, as one of the results of his experience, uttered the following pregnant sentence:

"It is the malicious and eternal law in all things, that when they have attained the summit they fall back into the depths more rapidly than they rose."

But then, on the other hand, a strain as hopeful as the philosopher's is gloomy, is sung in the following couplet:

"The rose of sunset folds its glory up
To burst again from out the heart of dawn."

Yes, both are true—Progression, now downward to the blackest depths, now upward to the rosiest heights, is the law of all things in this fluctuating world. But men generally forget this, and when things look bright (as they did a year ago) they think the darkness will never come—"*these* times are so peculiar;"—and when things look somewhat dark, as they do at present, they begin to fear that the bright days, when every kind of folly is allowed to sun itself without rebuke, are departed forever.

But you and I, reader, who belong of course to the wise ones—at least while you are in our company—know better. We know that "what has been shall be, and that there is nothing new under the sun."

AN EXCELLENT MOVEMENT.—We are pleased to see that the Select Council of this city, has voted in favor of enforcing the law which prohibits the sale of vegetables, &c., *by the basket*, instead of the bushel and its subdivisions. A *basket* of potatoes, apples, peaches, &c., is no measure at all—for one basket differs from another, as all housekeepers know, very greatly. Baskets always should be bushel baskets—no more, no less—and the clerk of the market should be ordered to see to this as regularly as he sees to the lumps of butter. Uncertain weights and measures are not only a source of fraud upon the buyer, but a constant temptation to dishonesty on the part of the seller; and if this matter of the baskets be not at once seen to, it will soon be impossible, without a microscope, to see to it at all.

THE LADIES' DRESSES.—A friend of ours alleges that a considerable portion of the increased importations, is the result of the ladies needing so much more stuff for their dresses than they used to. He says that what with the flounces, great circumference, &c., it requires just about *twice* as much silk to make a lady's dress as in the good old times—and the ladies are no more comfortably nor handsomely clothed. The extra sum thus wasted, he contends, if it could have been saved, might have greatly mitigated the present state of affairs. Thus the dress expansion has conduced to a financial contraction.

We wonder whether the French had not an eye to increasing their silk business, when they set the present ridiculous fashions?

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND INDIA.—Some have surmised that the appointed conference between the Emperors of France and Russia, has a relation to India, unfavorable to England. But, in view of the following recent letter from Louis Napoleon to the French Ambassador in London, we judge that the surmise is unfounded. He writes:—

"I send you £1,000 sterling, as my personal subscription in favor of the officers and soldiers cruelly afflicted in India. I also send you £400, the result of the subscription of the Imperial Guard. We have not forgotten the generous subscription of the Queen and of the English people, at the time of the inundation."

JUDGE RUSSELL, of New York, on Wednesday week, sentenced a man who had been convicted in his Court of knocking down a man and robbing him of *five* dollars, to the State Prison for *forty* years.

We find the above in one of the daily papers with an unfavorable comment; but, for our part, we think that if we had a few more such decisions, highway robbery would become somewhat less common in our large cities. An unwise leniency towards ruffians in the past, is bearing plentiful fruit in the present. And in giving small rogues their due, larger ones, who rob by the tens of thousands, should not be forgotten.

☞ Our old acquaintance, Samuel Barry, requests us to call the attention of Philadelphia readers to his newly-established periodical stand at the south-west corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets. The Post, of course, is always for sale there.

☞ We omit the Stock List, this week, as in many instances the quotations would be merely nominal. Also the Bank Note List, in consequence of the unsettled state of the market.

New Publications.

BARNABY RUDGE and THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, by CHARLES DICKENS, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) complete this duodecimo edition of the works of the great modern novelist; unless indeed, the "Sketches" and "Christmas Tales" are to be included, as they should be. We have already spoken so fully of the claims this edition has on the public, that it is not now necessary to add another favorable word. Nor is it necessary to dwell specially on the already well-known merits of these two works. "Barnaby" is one of the best historical-social fictions in literature, and, as the author's sole effort in this direction, makes us wish that he had wrought more in the same vein. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" we have that altogether unique and glorious creation, little Nell, the author's one pure, poetic pearl. Setting aside all its wondrous comedy and drama, it is in this work we find the loftiest and tenderest imagination that has ever entered into English prose. The overmastering pathos of its closing scenes lifts it above all romance into the regions of poetry.

FREEDLEY'S LEGAL ADVISER, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.,) is the work of a practised lawyer, a graduate of Harvard University. Every business man ought to have this, or a similar work, for reference, for from it every man can learn, as the author truly says, how to diminish losses, avoid lawsuits, and save time, trouble and money, by conducting business according to law. It is a highly practical counsellor, exceedingly useful for reference, giving a great mass of general and specific legal information on all phases of commercial life, not forgetting even the disposition of property by formal will and testament. Let business men examine it, and see if our opinion is not based upon a just apprehension of its merits.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL, by MADAME LE VERT (S. H. Goetzel & Co, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) are two volumes of memories of Europe by a lady who carries the sun, moon and stars in her heart, and sheds noonlight, moonlight and starlight on every person she meets, and everything she sees. She is the most remarkable instance we know, of capacity to see only the best side of everything. Never was Europe gone over in a more good-natured spirit, or with more joy and thanksgiving. The book is good.

PEACE, OR THE STOLEN WILL, an American novel, by MARY W. JANVRIN, (James French & Co., Boston; C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia,) is a pleasant pictorial story of city and country life, rather sentimental and melodramatic, to be sure, but written with wild talent, and not without interest.

OLD CHURCHES, MINISTERS AND FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA, by BISHOP MEADE, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is described by its title; and has another recommendation in the name of its author. It is both interesting and valuable as a local history, and has also attractions for the general reader.

FRESH LEAVES, by FANNY FERN, (Mason & Brothers, New York, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia,) is a little blue and gold volume of stories and sketches, shrewd and saucy, full of faults, but with all their faults, *riant* and full of vigor and life.

A ROMANCE OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD by EUGENE BATCHELDER, (James French Co., Boston; C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia,) is a vapid story, done in vapid verse and profiteth not the yawning reader.

CON CREGAN, THE IRISH GIL BLAS, CHARLES LEVER, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a cheap edition of one of the humorous of all the humorous works of popular author.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RA SCAPEGRACE (T. B. Peterson Philadelphia, a vivid novel.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for is for sale at Mr. W. B. Zieber's.

☞ The punishment of the mutineers India, by blowing them from the guns, it appears was in accordance with the superstitious prejudices of the Brahmins themselv as they believe that hanging kills the soul well as the body. Orders have been give however, by the Home Government to discontinue the practice.

☞ An old substantial citizen of Dun A. F——, had what he thought a "nag. One evening, surrounded by se companions in his pioneer life, in the bar-r of the village hotel, where news much than their ale went round, F—— remarke that "Eclipse" had made the best time terday ever done in Chautauque county—trotted from Fredonia (three miles) in minutes and forty seconds. A—— ask how he had *timed* him, as he, F——, did carry a watch? "Why," said F——, "I left Fredonia it was just about dusk, when I got here it was no darker, if as dar Good time, that!

☞ "John," said a father to his son one when he caught him shaving the "down his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving ter out where there are any barefooted for they might get their feet pricked."

☞ A JEW D'ESPRIT.—The Boston Cou says there is a dilemma in the courts as to proper mode of making a Jew swear. Pennsylvanian of this city suggests treadin his corns.

☞ An admirer of dogs having had litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him put him down for *a puppy!* "I set you *for one* a great while ago," was the answe

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NOT BAD.—"My little brother, when five years of age, was disputing with his mate, Tommy C——, concerning the ori of the *genus homo*. Said Tommy, "We'r made of dust, Ally." The reply was to effect that "Ally" doubted the statemen requested further light on the subject. Ally, we are, 'cos the Bible says so. W made of different kinds of dust, I guess. made of brick-dust. What are you made *Ally*—In undisguised contempt and with emphasis—"Well, *I* was let down *heaven.*"—*Ladies Repository.*

LETTER FROM LONDON.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

LONDON, Sept. 11, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Before I left Paris, I had heard much of a new method for the training of young children, much in vogue in Germany, called by its inventor, (Fredrich Froebel, who died about five years ago,) the *Kinder Gartea*, or Children's Garden; a method which begins by recognizing the self-evident truths, universally acknowledged, but less generally acted upon, that "the child is father to the man," and that, as is the nurture and the bent given to the infant, so will be the quality and action of the grown-up human being when arrived at maturity. Froebel, an ardent apostle of Education, one of those rare and invaluable natures who seem to be born to fill the function of Educator—surely the noblest and most important that can devolve upon man or woman—was long greatly "exercised" in mind by the fact that the children brought into the schools are not merely *not prepared*, by the training of the nursery, to enter with profit upon the systematic course of study to which they are then introduced, but that they have generally become more or less perverted from the simplicity of nature, and rendered positively inapt to derive the greatest benefit from their schooling, by the desultory and idle, if not absolutely mischievous habits they have contracted during their infancy. Having reflected carefully on this fact, Froebel came to the conclusion that no portion of human life should be left without the wise and loving direction of those to whom Providence and Nature have entrusted the noble and serious work of Education; that parents, guardians, nurses, and teachers should all consider themselves as so many co-workers in the all-important task of raising up the generation destined to succeed to themselves in the responsibilities and enjoyments of life; and that the existence of the infant should be encircled, from its first appearance on the stage of human action, with all the care and wise attention to its physical, mental, and moral development, so imperatively necessary to prepare it for the subsequent stages of its career. He laid it down as a principle that the individuality of the child should be religiously respected, on the one hand, and, on the other, that its social destiny, as one of the myriad that constitute the great human brotherhood, required that even this development of its own peculiar individuality should be combined with the social influences resulting from association with children of its own age; so that the education of each child might have the double effect of promoting its own development as an individual, and of training it as a member of the human family, destined to mingle in all the relations of life, sharing alike in the duties, the labors, and the joys of the generation to which it belongs.

This view of the matter in question having gradually become clear to Froebel's conviction, the next point for elucidation was the *manner* in which this new view of Infant Training could best be realized.

Somebody has said that the mythic traditions of all branches of the human family point to a Garden as the earliest cradle of the race; while the tenets of all religions anticipate a Garden as the scene of the happier existence they predict as awaiting us beyond the grave. In various language, all creeds shadow forth an Eden and a Paradise, as the Alpha and Omega of human existence, the Past and the Future of our career. And a Garden, as a source of use and a field for enjoyment, is incontestibly the most charming form under which the space which serves as the stage of our life-drama, can be presented to the human mind. Children revel in a garden; no room, however filled with toys and comforts, would tempt a child from the sunshine, air, light, liberty, and beauty of a garden. "In a garden, then," said Froebel, "let our little charges be placed; a garden specially contrived for their special tastes, needs, wishes, and welfare."

Children are fond of play; they dislike dry study and long application to abstruse ideas. They want scope and objects for the exercise of their overflowing activities; and Nature, which has endowed them with four hundred muscles, and an indefinite store of passions, impulses, and activities, shows us that a great variety of avocations are imperatively called for in the *regime* of the nursery, so that every part of the young body, every faculty of the growing spirit, may be exercised duly and in turn.

Putting all these ideas together, Froebel devised a system by which children of a year old may be "taken in hand," and their training systematically begun, to their great present joy and improvement, and the immense advantage of their future years; and this system, requiring a garden, as well as a couple of rooms for bad weather, and for such of the exercises as could not well be carried on in the open air, he has published to the world under the pleasant title of "Children's Gardens."

The "Children's Garden," then is a a compound of nursery, play-ground, and school-room, destined for the reception of children of from one to seven or eight years of age; the children being grouped according to age for certain exercises, and mingled indiscriminately for others; the youngest being always under the especial care of the teachers, and kept from falling or otherwise injuring themselves, while brought into communication with those who are little older than themselves;—the influence of older children upon younger ones being recognized by Froebel as one of the most potent means of educating, stimulating, and developing the latter.

I knew that *Kinder Gartens* on Froebel's plan, had been in operation, with the happiest results, for several years in many German towns; in Dresden there are four of them, one of them being a Preparatory School in connexion with a Boarding-school of a very high class, conducted by Dr. Markwart, who has carried the Kindergarten system onward into his arrangements for older pupils; and there are also two Training Schools, for teachers and mothers desirous of being able to avail themselves of Froebel's methods. In Hamburgh there are six of these Infant Schools; and similar establishments have been formed in Berlin, Eisenach, Dusseldorff, Schweinfurt, Cassel, Hildburghausen, and many other towns. Baroness Maronholz has also been advocating the system in Paris, where the Empress is said to be warmly in favor of the plan; and several ladies of rank and influence are now taking measures for the opening of a model establishment.

Your readers will therefore understand the interest with which I availed myself, a few days ago, of an introduction to Dr. Johannes Ronge, and his amiable and accomplished wife, who, being driven from Germany for their unpopular advocacy of Freedom and Progress, have taken refuge in this city, and are devoting the long years of exile to the introduction of Froebel's system in England.

It was in 1852 that these ardent apostles of human liberty and improvement, opened the first Kindergarten in a house taken by them for that purpose, at Hampstead, one of the healthiest, highest, and most delightful suburbs of London. Being possessed of independent pecuniary resources, and anxious to spread a system which they had found of incalculable benefit to their own children, those highly-cultivated and most amiable people were desirous of conferring on this country the blessings of an improvement which they had already so largely contributed to spread in Germany at their own expense.

At first only a few children came; but the parents of these becoming interested in the Kindergarten system, gradually excited interest in the minds of others. In 1854 the attempt had become so far known that the directors of the School Exhibition in St. Martin's Hall, in this city, requested Dr. and Madame Ronge to favor them with an account of their plans; and the Committee of Fine Arts was so much struck with the samples of the manufactures carried on by the pupils of the Kindergarten, that they invited the doctor and his lady to give a public illustration of the children's exercises and doings in St. Martin's Hall. After this the path was open; and the system has gone on, slowly winning applause and approval from all who have had an opportunity of examining its working. Harry Chester, Esq., Secretary to the Privy Council, and Rev. M. Mitchell, Inspector of the Government Schools, are among the warmest friends of the system. The latter, in a Parliamentary Report, describes the new method as "a new era in infant life." The same distinguished authority, in a letter addressed by him to Dr. and Mme. Ronge, and intended for publication, remarks, "My opinion of the merits of the Froebel system, which you are happily engaged in bringing under the notice of the public in this country is so strong, that I have made special reference to it in my Report to the Committee of Council. The proper introduction of this system would confer, as it seems to me, an inestimable boon on the rising generation of this country; and I trust you may be able successfully to carry out plans which propose such grand results."

Many leading newspapers and periodicals have published highly eulogistic notices of the schools established by Dr. and Mme. Ronge, and by ladies trained by them to the work; and the system has consequently been inaugurated in several cities in this country, and also in the colonies. The Kindergartens thus established are, up to the present time, those in Tavistock Place, at Grove House, at St. John's Wood, and one under the auspices of the Home and Colonial School Society. At Brighton, Liverpool, and many other provincial towns, Kindergartens have been established; and one is about to be opened in Manchester.

The intention of the founders of these schools is to make their respective premises as tasteful and commodious as possible; but a new undertaking has so much to do to keep on its feet, that, hitherto, they have been compelled to make their arrangements on as inexpensive a scale as may be, trusting to future success for the means of embellishment. Thus, the school at Tavistock Place, where I have just been spending a most agreeable morning, is, as yet, very plain in its appointments.

The house itself is an old-fashioned place, with a great wide door, studded with iron nails, and garnished with a gigantic iron knocker two or three centuries old. Pushing open this ponderous door, which is always ajar, we found ourselves in a small entry; and having rung the bell, were admitted into a large hall, and thence passed into a parlor, plainly furnished, with tables and shelves abundantly supplied with books and pamphlets on the Kindergarten system, specimens of the "gift-boxes" which contain the various appliances used in the school, and specimens of the children's production, of which more anon. In this room we were most cordially received by the warm-hearted German reformer and his wife; a handsome, plump, and exceedingly clever woman, whose great talent is almost thrown into the shade by her even greater kindliness. You see at once that she is thoroughly and heartily a *mother*; her whole heart seems engrossed by her overflowing love for children, as the conviction of the paramount importance of the wise discharge of the maternal office has come to be the ruling spring of her thoughts and action. Both the eminent reformer, with his rugged but highly intelligent face, and his bright-eyed comely wife, are excellent specimens of their nation; with the straight-forward simplicity and directness of the German manner, and a frank and genial courtesy, made more evident by their kindly attentions, and the pains they give themselves to indoctrinate us into the details we wish to learn, than by any fashionable varnish or flourish.

After half-an-hour's conversation on the principles involved in Froebel's system, an explanation of the "gifts" and specimens on the table, and a brief sketch by our intellectual and kindly hosts of the "rise and progress" of the reform, we accompany them to the school-rooms, where about thirty children appear to be at play, but are really at their lessons, enjoying themselves in various rational amusements. A class of tiny creatures, some of them not much more than able to walk alone, are seated at a low table, learning their letters by forming the same out of small sticks which they place in the requisite position to produce the letter. They also form various shapes out of these sticks, on the table; the teacher helping them, when they get them crooked, and so getting them to bring their fancies into regular shape. Others, a little older, are doing the same thing elsewhere with slips of colored pasteboard, the contents of one of the "gift-boxes." This exercise is also made to serve as a spelling lesson. Suppose A be the letter formed by one of the children, the rest imitate it, and say, "A for apple," "A for axe," and so on, spelling each word; the different letters are formed according to the fancy of the children, and serve to exercise their memory of words and of spelling. It was amazing to hear how the little things came out with words under some of the letters; and how fluently they spelt them. Any child might make any letter, and one or another was constantly crying out, "I want a slip to finish my D," or "Please, Miss S———, (the teacher) give me a slip to make my Q," and so on. After this they took their prettily-colored slips and made a great variety of shapes, all more or less regular, disposing their slips on the table in patterns devised by themselves. They were dissatisfied if they could not make regular figures, frequently asking Miss S——— to give them other slips needed to bring their intricate rounds, and curves, and crosses, and squares, into complete form. They were as happy as little princes over this pastime, in which they were busily employed in imagining and realizing regular patterns; an exercise involving thought, fancy, and ingenuity.

The "Gifts"—so called because the various boxes are *given* successively to the children, without extra charge to the parents, who pay a small weekly sum which covers all demands—are six in number. Of these the first and simplest are soft, colored balls, which are employed by many mothers in giving a commencement of education to wee things three months old; and are very useful with little people of one or two years old. Then come cubes of wood, balls and rollers; the cube divided into all its parts; the cube divided into eight planes cut lengthwise; the cube divided into twenty-seven equal parts, three of these being further divided into halves, and three into quarters, and lastly, the cube divided into a still larger number of fractions. Scores of amusing and instructive exercises, which discipline alike the eye, hand, memory, imagination, and reason of the child, are performed with these progressive gifts. Construction and analysis are kept on the stretch by them all; and the conversation, questions, suggestions, and recitals of the teacher, as each comes up, afford an inexhaustible fund of interest to these little busy heads. Building houses, temples, monuments, &c., making chairs, sofas, carriages, beds, geometrical figures, everything they like to attempt, and discussing each new shape as they make it, the children would pass an hour or two at each new exercise. If the teacher did not take care to vary the exercises, so as not to allow of fatigue, and to alternate exercise for the limbs with mental exertion. When, through the cubic divisions and combinations, their knowledge of form is sufficiently developed, they begin to plait sheets of colored paper, slipping narrow bands of the same material into the prepared sheets with a wooden needle; this is a very favorite employment, and so rich and tasteful are the patterns of the little mats, book-markers, &c., all devised by the children, that one can hardly believe them to be their own productions. The manufacture of chairs, tables, baskets, sofas, geometrical figures, &c., by means of pointed splinters of wood which they stick into peas steeped in water, thus making the skeletons of any object that they like to imitate, and then drawing these skeletons on their slates is another favorite series of effort.

Not only do the children draw, on slates prepared for the purpose, and aided by a variety of most ingenious contrivances, but they are allowed to paint, as soon as they have reached a certain point in their command of outline and form.

They soon acquire a habit of exactness that leads them to strive most carefully to be correct in their representations; and this habit of correctness is found to exercise a great and very salutary effect on their minds, leading them to regard falsehood and pretence as wrong in themselves, contrary to their ideas of what is, and ought to be.

But of all their constructive avocations, the one which is most thoroughly enjoyed by them, is the modelling of objects in terra cotta.

The length of my letter, however, warns me to reserve until next week, the account of their doings in this line, and of the rest of my first visit to the happy precincts of the Kindergarten.

QUANTUM.

☞ A bachelor, after all his matrimonial attempts, pathetically exclaims:

When I remember all
The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the fall,
Exposed to every weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some barn yard all deserted,
Whose oats are fled—whose hens are dead,
And off to market started.

☞ A statistical writer has estimated that the value of the buttons worn on the backs of gentlemen's coats, where they are entirely useless, is large enough in the aggregate, to sustain all the public asylums in the United States.

☞ A Scottish minister rebuked his man John for getting occasionally a little fuddled in the course of his calls on business; and John's excuse was that the country folks pressed him so often to take a dram. "John," replied the minister, gravely, "nobody thinks of pressing me to drink." "Aye, but," says John, "that may be, because you are no sae respectit in the parish as I am."

☞ ÆSTHETIC.—A good looking word, which implies something refined and deep, but what the reader does not exactly comprehend. I have to look at the dictionary every time I meet it, (unless I am on the sofa, and then I refuse,) and then I have the satisfaction to learn that it signifies the *beautiful* in mind, in nature, and in art, and that it was originated as a science by the celebrated Baumgarten.

☞ ABSENCE OF MIND—AND FINGERS.—A gentleman from the West informs us of an instance where a Yankee, while engaged in speculation, fell to whittling his fingers instead of a stick, and did not discover his mistake till he had whittled off his two first fingers, and sharpened the third to a point.

☞ A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

THE INDUSTRIAL CULTURE OF WOMEN.

FROM TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

An improved education, literary, industrial, and moral, for the Better Half of the race is, and, ever since I thought at all, always has been, such a commonplace with me, in conversation and otherwise, and it is a topic which has so often slipped into these columns, half-unawares from my pen, that no one who reads this will need to be told how strongly I feel the necessity which exists for widening (what, in a former paper on the Domestic Relations of Literary Men, I called) "the spiritual trysting ground of the sexes," by extending the benefits of a *much* more varied and robust mental training to girls than is now conventionally accorded to them. As far as my observation goes, the most cultivated and conscientious men and women (out of the pale of purely sectarian prejudice) are quite of accord upon this subject in the general. Those who cannot bear to hear of a better education for women are for the most part men of the world who know too much to believe in anything good, and that loathsome class of men whom Shelley had in his eye in the verse—

Things whose trade is over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows gruel, courteous, cold, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

Non ragioniam di lor. Such creatures are rarely converted, rarely reached with any touch of a sound moral criticism. The hope of the world is in the gradual extinction of the breed. But there are other men who are accessible to common sense and kind feeling; and there are thousands of women, in these times, when the complications of civilization are teaching the sex the urgent need of multiplying independent sources of happiness, if they would be happy at all, who are prepared to change a general into a special interest in such a question as Industrial Culture for Women.

It is true that real danger attaches to any attempt to deal with the interests of women as if they were separate from those of men. It is true that female advocacy in general is distinguished by a personal tone, which, where there is not sufficient power of mentally changing places in the reader to get it allowed for, is unpleasant and *deterring*. It is true, also, that some degree of the ridiculous hangs over the "earnestness" of most "earnest" women. A vulgar-minded woman in earnest is the very Fiend. No man is ever so devoured by the "cause" he espouses. Her seriousness is more than devotional, be the occasion ever so small. Martyrs jest on the scaffold, and heroes on the brink of action, but propagandist women of average mould, never. Their work is sacramental. Tempt them not with Joe Miller and such like carnal pomps and vanities, lest you be sent about your business with "Away, slight man!" and find "Is't possible?" no answer. Much of their advocacy, accordingly, takes the shape of complaint, and sometimes of downright objurgation. They write in their own behalf as if they were trampled, betrayed, conspired against on all hands; as if men were all "tyrants," and could, with a lift of the finger, get them rid of all that "custom" is charged with doing to their social disadvantage. Men, of course, resent this. An ordinary Briton hears himself branded as a woman's "tyrant" with astonishment. He is conscious only of the kindest feelings towards the sex. Probably, *certainly* if he have the soul of a gentleman, he can recall situations in his lifetime in which he has taken silent, thankless pains, or made silent, thankless sacrifices of feeling or interest, in behalf of women, merely from natural chivalry of heart, which is quite inconsistent with the "tyrant" hypothesis. He looks at an English lady, with a kind husband and affluent "surroundings," and half asks himself, fretted and worn by business, Is there in the world a creature so much to be envied as a well-to-do Englishwoman? An *ordinary* Briton looks no farther. He shelves all "woman's questions" as nuisances, and pursues the old tracks of thought and action without misgiving in all that relates to the sex. If part of his blindness be selfish, let it be confessed that a snarling, quarrelsome advocacy is not the thing to anoint his eyes.

All woman's advocacy of women's needs is, of course, not of this character. There are ladies who, like Mrs. Jameson and Harriet Martineau, laboring to better the culture, and widen the social sphere of their own sex, know very well that there is no "conspiracy" to "keep them down;" that all advocacy of the claims of women, as separate from the interests of men, is liable to run into unfairness, and is sure to seem unamiable; that men, not less than themselves, are in these matters entangled in meshes of "custom," to the weaving of which they were unconscious parties, and to the breaking of which frank, friendly concert, in the drawing-room and the market-place, not less than in the journal and the lecture-room, is necessary; and that the only advocacy which is likely to "tell," must be at once genial in its tone and practical in its drift. On the other hand, there are men who are ready to "meet the women half-way" (as the phrase is,) in this matter of an improved education, and extended sphere for their sex.

The practical questions concerning women, which most urgently press upon our attention, do not require that we should settle, before dealing with them, any abstract questions about the capacity of women. My own private opinion may be, that they are not, and never will be, equal to men; that the broad outlines upon which the social edifice of the future will be reared, are irrevocably marked out in what we already know of the relative characters of the sexes; that the normal position of the woman is one of dependence upon the man—all this I *may*, and I think I may add, all this I *do* think. But I am satisfied that there are remains of barbarous modes of feeling in all, even the best, of the conventional modes of treating women; that the ills of our competitive industrial polity, and badly managed social intercourse, press most hardly upon them, and that their freer action is the appointed means for healing some of our social wounds. To this end, they must become more independent. And they will do so. Providence has taken this matter out of our hands. The enormous number of unmarried women is one of the most positive, unquestionable signs of our perverted civilization. Inevitably, these women will press into the ranks of existing occupations, as far as they can, and by degrees, they will find quite new spheres of industry. That women should have more fields of industry thrown open to them, is an idea as old as good Dr. Watts, who, in his "Tractate on Education," puts down, in the plainest words, an opinion which has even now to defend itself as if it were a new thing. There is, in truth, no lack of authorities. My readers are, I hope, no strangers to the noble, earnest, yet temperate discussion on "The Sin of Great Cities," (a name for which, I believe, we are indebted to this author,) in which is set the sweet story of Gretchen, in the "Companions of my Solitude," of Mr. Arthur Helps, published in 1851. From that discussion I take the liberty of extracting a few passages:—

I spoke, for instance, of the cause that poverty was of this sin. Now, women do not equally partake with men in the general poverty of a land, but they have to endure an undue proportion of it, by reason of many employments being closed to them, so that the sex, which is least able and least fitted to seek for employment by going from home, finds the means of employment at home most circumscribed.

I cannot but think that this is a mismanagement which has proceeded, like many others, from a wrong appreciation of women's powers. If they were told that they could do many more things than they do, they would do them. As at present educated, they are, for the most part, thoroughly deficient in method. But this surely might be remedied by training. * * * * If we consider the nature of the intellect of women, we really can see no reason for the restrictions laid upon them in the choice of employments. They possess talents of all kinds. Government, to be sure, is a thing not fit for them, their fond prejudices coming often in the way of justice. Direction, also, they would want, not having the same power, I think of imagination that men have, nor the same method, as I observed before. But how well women might work under direction. In how many ways, where tact and order alone are required, they might be employed; and also, in how many higher ways where talent is required * * * * *. There is always such a belief in what is mechanical, that men of ordinary minds cannot assure themselves that anything is done, unless something palpable is before them, unless they can refer to a legislative act, or unless there is a building, an institution, A NEWSPAPER, or some visible thing which illustrates the principle.

What has set me upon this track of observation, is a circumstance which confers upon the topic of Industrial Culture for Women the interest of practicalness and tangibility. It has, I find, its "newspaper" in London! From the "office," in "Princes Street, Cavendish Square," (Cavendish Square, near which "Ann and her mother were walking one day," in "Original Poems for Infant Minds")—I have had sent to me "The Waverley Journal," *conducted by women*; which, I find, is in hands at once graceful and energetic. There seems to be nothing blatant or explosive about it. I notice among the contributors' names, Anna Mary Howitt and Theodosia Trollope; and, among the articles *without* name, I unhesitatingly trace one to the pen of our greatest female social critic. "The Moral of the Story"—a deduction from the Glasgow "tragedy," could only have been written by the authoress of "Doerbrook," the lady to whom we are indebted for some of the noblest articles in the *Daily News*.

I presume, now the question of new occupations for women has its fortnightly "organ,"[a] it will commence a policy more or less aggressive. The subject is one which might excuse almost any amount of aggression, for it is not one of woman's rights, but of woman's needs. Flinching, as all men do, from the idea of women working for subsistence, we have shut our eyes to the stern facts of the case as they grew, and at this moment there is not a population in the world where so many women are, proportionally, unsexed by toil to which they are driven because no better was provided, or handed over to the streets to perish, as in that of England.

Willing to press into the service of the cause of fit employment for unmarried women any respectable testimony, I will quote a pregnant paragraph from Mr. De Quincy (Autobiographic Sketches, Vol. II.) Mr. De Quincey refers only to literature, but in the passages italicised, the bearing is wide enough to reach any kind of occupation suited to the hand and brains of ladies:

To me, it appears that it would have been better far had Miss Wordsworth condescended a little to the ordinary mode of pursuing literature; *better for her own happiness if she had been a blue stocking: or, at least, if she had been, in good earnest, a writer for the press, with the pleasant cares and solicitudes of one who has some little ventures, as it were, on that vast ocean.*

We all know with how womanly and serene a temper literature has been pursued by Joanna Baillie, by Miss Mitford, and other women of admirable genius—with how absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity, they have cultivated the profession of authorship; and, *if we could hear their report, I have no doubt that the cares of correcting proofs, and the forward looking solicitations connected with the mere business arrangements of new publications would be numbered among the minor pleasures of life. * * * * * Mrs. Johnstone, of Edinburgh, has pursued the profession of literature—the noblest of professions, and the only one open to both sexes alike—with even more assiduity, and as a* DAILY *occupation*; and, I have every reason to believe, with *as much benefit to her own happiness* as to the instruction and amusement of her readers; *for the petty cares of authorship are agreeable*, and its serious cares are ennobling. *More especially useful is such an occupation to a woman without children, and without prospective resources; resources in objects that involve hopes growing and unfulfilled. It is too much to expect of any woman (or man either) that her mind should support itself in a pleasurable activity under the drooping energies of life, by resting on the past or on the present;—some interest in reversion, some subject of hope from day to day must be called in, to reinforce the animal fountains of good spirits.*

I quote this, not to recommend literature as a profession to women, for as many (men and women, too,) as are fit for it, already find their way to magazines and publishers' counters; but for its application to the moral importance of *employment* which involves hopes and fears and little labors of women without "incumbrance."

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[a] It has also its own proper literature. Chapman and Hall have just issued an octavo volume, "The Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks," which, published anonymously, is a fine specimen of those labors of love and conscience in which our literature increasingly abounds.

THE ACCREDITED INCREDIBLE.

In the course of a week's reading, and going about, one is sure to have his moral generalisations startled from their propriety by things which, as the Creed says, "are most certainly to be believed," and which yet seem so outrageous as to defy all human capacity of belief. Nothing is better accredited than the incredible in moral history. This has struck me with renewed force lately *apropos* of the troubles in India. From private letters, I have gathered details of cruelty to women, at the hearing of which strong men turn pale. I have seen a muscular fellow, six feet high, listen to them, and watched the muscles of his cheek fall like those of one wearied by long night watching. As for me, I am neither muscular nor six feet high, but I was accosted by a friend the other day with the exclamation that there seemed "nothing left" of me—when all that had been deducted from my ordinary *mich* had been deducted solely by an anecdote of the Indian rebellion. It was an incident of cruelty to a woman which has not found its way into the newspapers. I am skillful, I believe, in saying exceptional things, but by no periphrasis whatever, by no touch of art, could I tell this story. The puzzle of this and *similar* cases is that you cannot dismiss them by saying, in the commonplace of the vocabulary of horrors,—*a fiend must have done it!* Because it is obvious that *a man must have planned it.* A "fiend" sustains no relation towards a woman which would make it possible for such ideas to enter his head. He lacks the first essential for inventing the horror.

That men may be unkind to women is a fact which we may take note of every day of our lives. There is wife-beating, there is desertion, there is ill temper. We are all angry with our idols sometimes; but in men of common mould the reaction is almost instantaneous, and the fiercest fires of wrath are soon drowned in floods of tenderness. Still, the natural instinct of sexual kindness may be in abeyance in the best of us. That we can understand. But what we cannot understand, and God forbid that ever we should, is the inverted action of the instinct in alliance with cruelty. Yet, it is well accredited in its effects, constituting, as they do, some of the most dreadful passages in the records of the attested impossible.

Alison quotes from the Marquis Custine, the son of the lady, an interesting anecdote of the Reign of Terror. "When Madame de Custine," he says, "appeared on the stair, on leaving the Courts, a savage cry arose in the mob; the vociferations of the people and their gestures showed that they were preparing to murder her on the spot. If she had sunk down, she would have been instantly torn in pieces; even the appearance of faltering would have proved fatal. Uncertain whether to advance or recede, she hesitated a moment, and the people were just springing forward to seize her, when an unknown woman in the crowd secretly pressed her hand, and, taking the child which she carried in her arms from her breast, gave it to her with the words, 'Return it at the bottom of the stair.' She did so, and, protected by the infant citizen, escaped unhurt; and gave back the child, but she never saw her deliverer more." This we all sympathise with. The privilege of helplessness and innocence protecting a woman who carries a baby is quite a matter of course. But I now quote this little story of normal human nature to place it in opposition to another story, also from the Reign of Terror, which belongs to the Accredited Incredible. I read, over and over again, distrusting my eyes, that under Carrier, at Nantes, "Five hundred children of both sexes, the elder of whom was not fourteen years old, were, on one occasion, led out to the same spot to be shot. Repeated fusillades cut them down. Never was so deplorable a spectacle witnessed, the littleness of the stature caused most of the bullets, at the first discharge, to fly over their heads; they broke their bonds, rushed into the ranks of the executioners, clung round their knees, and, with supplicating hands and agonized looks, sought for mercy. Nothing could soften these assassins; they put them to death even when lying at their feet." Here again we are turned adrift into the wild waters of the inconceivably horrible. Just now we had a mad crowd respecting the presence of a child in a woman's arm; now we have assassins shooting down five hundred children at once—and yet not at once, for it must have been after several fusillades, amidst shrieks, and contortions, and blood. Here and there it would happen that the same child would have to be shot at twice or thrice; a little thing with a broken arm would come shrieking to a soldier's foot; a girl, unhurt by the first discharge, would turn screaming to her brother drowned in blood; some would faint and be killed while insensible; and—men did all this. Unquestionable men. Two legs; two arms; two eyes; heart, brain, and all the rest, and many of them fathers. No doubt, too, they ate their next meal in due course, as usual. Oh, how we should welcome the investigator who falsified facts like these!

A touch of the ludicrous sometimes mingles, though not to lessen it, with the horror and shame of the Accredited Incredible. I can only quote from memory the well-known anecdote concerning the Queen of Spain's legs. Her Majesty of Spain was once—may be still, for what I know—presumed to have no visible legs. To see them was death without benefit of clergy. It fell upon a day that the queen, riding out, got the invisible member on one side—left or right I wot not—entangled in the stirrup, and fell. Dragged along by the horse, her death seemed certain. A cavalier present, knowing the law on the Royal Leg Question, but forgetting it or defying it in the interest of common humanity, sprang forward, and saved the life of a woman, and that woman his Queen. If my recollection is accurate, this gentleman was executed for his courage. To have not only seen the Queen's leg, but to have touched it, was death, and no intercession of hers could save him. That is my recollection, but I have a faint doubt whether the poor fellow may not have had his punishment commuted into banishment, imprisonment, or some other tender mercy. I have, however, a strong belief that the tale is well attested. If it should be otherwise, why, so much the *better* for the facts. If it really is true, it is one of the most revolting instances of that Accredited Incredible, which turns up in History and Biography so often as to make us ready to exclaim, when some question is to be settled by an appeal to "human nature,"—"Yes, it is all very well to appeal—but what *is* human nature?"

A MAHOMEDAN ON POLYGAMY.

Among the recent books is an English translation of a Turkish work, entitled "The Autobiography of Munshi Lutfallah, a Mahomedan Gentleman." The author is a Turk, widely travelled and well educated. The London *Athenæum* describes the following extracts from his work, embracing his notions of marriage, as "the strong convictions—expressed with a moderation which proves their earnestness—of a gentleman of most liberal and various accomplishments—a student of Shakspeare and Bacon as well as of Sadi and Ferdusi—and an associate of English officers for many years."

At Kars, Lutfallah married a lady—a Turkish lady. In relation to his domestic infelicities with her, he says:—

"I married a young lady whom I had known when in Kars and whose destiny had brought her hither some time before my arrival. Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In over-rating small evils we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor, I thought for myself only, but now I had to think of another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future. Such inconveniences can be easily obviated by our law in divorcing a wife, not only for crimes, but even if she is disagreeable. But who can have the heart to part with his faithful companion without serious cause? This bad practice prevails only among the lower classes of the people."

With the Moslem rich, says Lutfullah, divorce is less common.

"A man of high station in life may marry four wives at once or gradually, and may have as many handmaids as he can support; then from among such a number he is sure to find one who gives him every satisfaction, and the rest may be maintained without being repudiated, each knowing that she has only herself to thank for a rival in her lord's affections, as she ought to have made herself so dear to him that he could not have desired a change. Here I drop the grand subject of monogamy and polygamy, controverted between the doctors of Mohamedanism and Christianity. There are many things to be said on both sides, but I will not enlarge my journal with these discussions. I side with my own law, though I have been a monogamist throughout all my life."

Lutfullah's contrast between the social arrangements of his own country and England, is curious.

"Seclusion of women from the society of men is considered a fault by the English, but a virtue by us, the true believers. The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men both in public and private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men! How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license! In London alone, eighty thousand females are said to be registered in the black records. If you take an evening walk in one of the quarters of that greatest city of the world, called Regent street, you will find many ladies of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, forsaken by their relatives and friends, in the practice and perhaps under the obligation of committing black deeds. Who is to blame for all this? I say, nothing else but the license established by the civilizers. I do not say that all Mohamedan ladies are virtuous. Virtue and vice are two sisters, the former fair and the latter black; and no nation has ever been and shall ever be uninfluenced by the two ladies. But limits and restraints prescribed by the Mohamedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events prevent increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohamedan ladies being occupied in needlework, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would be husband from a loop-hole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained and taken down by the law-officer appointed by the Government to solemnize the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities which poison the minds of contending rivals are avoided, and marriage unions are not only free from contamination, but from the dread of it. In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while, never having tested the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circles of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."

Oh, Lutfullah!

ANOTHER POETICAL PROPHECY.—A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" calls attention to the following lines by Byron:

Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till India rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish! Fallen, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forfeit ye to enslave.

RAISING CATS AND DOGS.—During a heavy, but genial, shower towards the end of this last March, an old stone-breaker said to me, "This is the rain, sir, to make the *cats and dogs* grow!" pointing as he spoke to the hedge-side willows, which were covered with the bursting *catkins*, which are called by some people "cats and dogs," and which were used on Palm Sunday to represent the branches of palm. Does this throw any light on the singular saying which heads this note? CUTHBERT BEDE.
—*Notes and Queries.*

BURIED IN THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. W. HAME.

"Accompanied by her father, she had left her home in feeble health, hoping that a sea-voyage and a winter's residence in the genial climate of Italy would prove beneficial; but all in vain. On the evening of the fourteenth day out from New York, she died, and on the following morning her body was deposited in the great deep"—*Extract from a friend's letter.*

Afar from those whose love had made, lost one,
Long hours of silent suffering dear to thee,
Death called thee home, when the broad evening sun
Was resting on the sea!

No more, when summer flowers their sweets are flinging
Upon the slumb'rous air, o'er valleys wide,
Shalt thou sad songs of olden time be singing,
At quiet eventide.

No more, when clear frost in the moonlight is gleaming,—
When midnight winds through leafless woods are sighing,—
No more of pleasant memories fondly dreaming,
Shalt thou be lying.

Swayed by the motion of the restless deep,
Far down in coral halls divinely reared,
To amphyonic music, thou dost sleep
In death, by death endeared!

There, in a tomb of nature's proud adorning,
Oh, gentle soul! in thy pure faith unshaken,
Serenely sleep, till on a new life's morning
Thy blue eyes waken!

September 9th, 1857.

THE STORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

Leaving the Grand Canal and turning into a more narrow "water street," we came to the *Palazzo Trevisano*, a rich and lofty edifice of mingled Gothic and Venetian styles. It belonged to the Capello family, and was the home of Bianca, whose eventful life has been the theme of novelist and poet. She was gifted with "the fatal dower of beauty"—a beauty wild and enrapturing as that of the fabled Circe. Her parents watched its gradual development, and built up for her a future of even royal grandeur; but while they deemed her yet a child, her woman's heart had awakened, and she loved passionately the gay and handsome *Pietro Buonaventura*, who daily passed her father's palace to his vocation as a writer in the Bank of Salviati. To those days, as to our own, may be applied the homely Saxon adage, "Where there is a will there is a way," and often did the fair Bianca bribe the porter of the palace-door to yield to her the key. Then she stole down the marble steps, where her lover's gondola lay waiting in the deep shadow cast by some neighboring balcony, and springing into it, glided over the silent canals until the "fresher breeze of morning" gave token of the coming day. When returning, she crept gently to her chamber. For many weeks this dream of love continued; but at length the "lordly father" found an alliance worthy of his peerless daughter, and bade her prepare for the nuptials. Great was his wonder, when, with tears of agony, she implored him to refuse for her the marriage proposal. The parents sternly commanded compliance with their wishes, and left her. When night came, the wonted signal told her that below awaited the gondola. For the last time she descended the marble stairway, and then away with her lover over the calm lagoon to the mainland fled the high-born Bianca Capello, with Pietro Buonaventura, the child of the people. But "Love, like Death, levels all distinctions." They hurried on to Florence, where they implored the protection of Francisco, son of Cosmo de Medici. He was young and sympathetic, and willingly granted it, making Pietro an officer of his household, and bestowing high honors upon both the fugitives. The enraged father of Bianca renounced her forever, and even induced the "Council of Ten" to set a price upon the head of Pietro.

The sunlight of prosperity served but to reveal the dark selfishness of Buonaventura's nature, and soon Bianca discovered she had given life, love, and hope to a villain. Then came the bitterest and most crushing trial of her woman's heart—desertion by him for whom she had abandoned parents, home, and country. At last, in her despair, she sought a refuge from his scorn and neglect in the adoration of Francisco, over whom she exercised the power of an enchantress. He was perfectly beneath her spell; and when his wife, Joanna of Austria, died (from a broken heart, the result of his infidelity), he married Bianca Capello, and presented her to his court as their queen. An ambassador was despatched to Venice to demand her, "the daughter of St. Mark," as his consort. Quickly were the vows of vengeance once uttered by the Capelli forgotten, and gracious was the reception accorded to the envoy of Francisco. A deputation accompanied them to Florence, to assist in the second and public nuptials. The first had been in secret. Pietro was murdered by some of his reckless associates, and Bianca became the renowned beauty of Florence, encircled by the admiration of adoring crowds. But there was one whose evil eye was upon her, Francisco's uncle, the Cardinal de Medici. Skilled in the deadly poisons which made that family the terror of Europe, he found means to drug the drinking-cups of the Duke and Duchess, and they both perished within a few days of each other. Bianca Capello was buried privately in the crypt of *San Lorenzo* at Florence, her name blotted from the public archives, and the words "the vile Bianca" written in their place. Thus ended the career of the matchless and beautiful "Daughter of Venice."—*Madame Le Vert's Souvenirs of Travel.*

PREPARATIONS FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider the new day as your last, and act accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you shall never see the morning, or the day of which you shall never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be safely dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So, when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is before us.

THE HUMORS OF HISTORY.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that the cause for the historically celebrated hatred entertained by the famous Cardinal Richelieu, of Louis Thirteenth's time, towards Anne of Austria (and, though seemingly absurd, it is the true one) is as follows:—The Queen's charms, most noble, and so regal, had inspired the cardinal with a wild and presumptuous passion. This was perceived by Madame de Chevreuse, the beautiful confidant of the Queen. The confidant disliked the Cardinal, but in order to play him a trick, and to arouse her royal mistress (a pleasure for which Anne of Austria paid by many years of unhappiness) she determined to lead the Cardinal to believe that Anne of Austria would listen to his criminal suit, if he would but satisfy a whim of hers, which made her earnestly desire to see him dance the saraband! And this was not all. He must dance it, said the giddy Duchess de Chevreuse, "in a complete suit, such as was worn by the pantaloon of the theatre," which is to say, a suit of red and green cloth, made in the most absurd fashion—one leg red and the other green, and trimmed with silver bells—besides which, his eminence the Cardinal must wear a cap, trimmed also with bells. It is a historical fact, that the Duchess succeeded in persuading the Cardinal to do this. He absolutely danced the saraband in the presence of the Queen, with castanets in his hands. The Duchess had not told the Queen what a promise she had made in her name, and when the Cardinal, having finished his saraband, fell at the Queen's feet, and declared his guilty passion, Anne, though almost convulsed with laughter, recovered herself sufficiently to repulse the faithless minister with scorn and indignation. Tricked and laughed at! This was quite sufficient to awaken life-long hatred in the heart of Armand de Richelieu.

EPITAPHS.

The following quaint Epitaphs are from Pettigrew's "*Chronicles of the Tombs*:"

ON MERIDITH, an Organist at St. Mary Wilton College, Oxford:

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life and died a Meridith.

ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile!
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That death, who killed him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you.

At Belfast:—

Beneath this stone lies Katherine, my wife,
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
Oh, Liberty!—But soft! I must not boast,
She'll haunt me else, by jingo! with her ghost.
—*Patrick Leary.*

In a similar strain is the following:

ANNA LOVETT.

Beneath this stone, and not above it,
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett;
Be pleased, good reader, not to shove it,
Lest she should come again above it.
For, 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Anna Lovett.

Lord Byron indulged himself in the exercise of an epitaph:

ON JOHN ADAMS, of Southwell, a Carrier, who died of Drunkenness, Sept., 1807.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off—so he's now *carri-on*.

At Crayford Churchyard, Kent:

ON A PARISH CLERK.

To the memory of PETER IZON, who was 35 years parish clerk of this parish, and always proved himself a pious and mirthful man.

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out Amen;
He married when young, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took, she departed—what then?
He married, and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass, as he chanted Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
He lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

At Ashburton Church, ob., 1779:

ON ELIZABETH IRELAND.

Here I lie, at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The farther in, the more you pay;
Here I lie as warm as they.

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, is an epitaph:

Here lies Father and Mother, and Sister and I,
Wee all died within the short space of one short year.
They be all Buried at *Wimble* except I,
And I be buried here

At St. Andrew's, Plymouth:

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only surviving son of Admiral Vernon.
Died 23d July, 1753.

At Kir Keel:

Here lies the remains of Thomas Nichols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. *Had he lived, he would have been buried here.*

At Montrose, 1757:

Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

In Winchester Cathedral Churchyard:

Thomas Fletcher, a Grenadier in the North Hants Militia, died May 12, 1761, aged 20 years.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or not at all.

Restored by the Garrison in 1781:

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

At Bunhill Fields:

Here lies
Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.,
Who departed this life, March 4th, 1729,
in the 56th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times;
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,
Without ever repining at her case,
Or ever fearing the operation.

In a very different vein is the following in an Irish country churchyard:

A little Spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear.
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night!
The chill winds came—the young flower faded
And died—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy, thou shouldst have went for me,
Not I have had to mourn o'er thee;
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring glides next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

INFLUENCE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Of the powerful influence of periodical literature in forwarding the progress of general intellect, and the necessity of its agency to the end proposed, there are few, perhaps, who even yet have formed a proper estimate; and some there are who are disposed to regard it with a jealous eye, not for the information it generalizes and diffuses (though there want not objectors even on such narrow and invidious grounds), but as hostile to the more exalted interests of science and literature; as encouraging a taste for superficial information, and abstracting it from more elaborate and profound research. But are the works of profound science and elaborate research now produced fewer in number, and in less eager request, than when the sixpenny trash that bore the name of magazines was confined to less than a fiftieth part of the present respectable circulation? Have they not increased, on the contrary, a hundred-fold? and is not the demand for them still increasing in geometrical proportion, together with the increase of those more accessible and popular periodicals? to and from which, in fact, they alternately give and receive new excitements, and new occasions—at once deriving and imparting new materials for research and illustration, and an extended sphere of encouragement and remuneration. Many must be superficial, as it is called, before the few can be availably profound; as well as some must be profound before the materials can be furnished for superficial gratification; the diffused effect can only be increased in proportion to the concentric cause. In other words, the many must have *some* knowledge before they can either be benefited by or appreciate the wisdom of those who have much; and the few must have accumulated, digested, and arranged, before the many can be benefited by diffusion.

Great minds, whose intensity has been fed and fostered by elaborate abstraction, from the profundity of their researches and the vastness of their comprehension, infuse a new and imperishable spirit into the immensity of space, which expands through distant ages: they create, as it were a new intellectual atmosphere, which ultimately is breathed, in some degree, by all. There is, at this time, perhaps, scarcely any artisan in our workshops, and, in one part at least of the United Kingdom (to say nothing of foreign regions), scarcely a peasant at his plough, who has not some available ideas ministering to his comfort or his gratification (although the very name of Lord Bacon may not be known to him) which he never would have had if Bacon had never lived and written. Yet, it was only as it became progressively *superficialized*, as it were—that is to say, as it became popularized, by diffusion through less abstract and less voluminous publications—through fugitive essays, and still more fugitive conversations, that the results of his wisdom and discoveries became extensively operative.

That great man indeed—that almost more than man—that new creator of the mind of his long-mystified and benighted species! seems himself to have manifested some conviction of the principles of these observations, when he composed, in so popular a form, that beautiful little volume of Essays, which has tempted more readers to the study of his profound and elaborate works than all the lavish commendations of the learned and initiated few could ever have induced to such research. They were his *superficials*, as some might call them, that led to an extended familiarity with his *profundities*; as those who take their thirst on the margin may be tempted to plunge into the stream. Those Essays have precisely the character that would have fitted them for a periodical miscellany; and had such a publication existed in his days, with a reading public prepared for the reception of such a boon, there can be little doubt that, through such a channel, he would have chosen to communicate them, as the readiest means of giving extended circulation to the wisdom which they contain.
—*Thelwall's Miscellany.*

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S DEATH.—No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery, which all around him knew to be impossible. On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and though the work of death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed, without any particular symptom, on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" And in that situation, without a struggle, expired.—*Raikes' Journal.*

READERS.—Those who read may be divided into four classes:—

1. *Sponges*—who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.

2. *Sand Glasses*—who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.

3. *Strain Bags*—who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

4. *Mogul Diamonds*—equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.—*Coleridge.*

THE WORLD OF THE WEDDING RING.—Much lies in that seemingly small circle—the wedding ring. We say seemingly small, for the thing, as viewed by the vulgar naked eye, is a tiny hoop made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil it circles a whole world; or, to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region; it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Arabia Stony.—*Douglas Jerrold's Candle Lectures.*

THE LITTLE POOL WILL SOON BE DRY.

Oh, brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover,
But the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over.

Oh, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower bells gently ringing;
But blight will fall upon the rose
Where now the bee is swinging.

A smile is on the silver stream,
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers.

Oh, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the wavy grasses—
A deeper shade will fold your life
Than o'er the meadow passes.

Oh, maiden lips, oh, lips of bloom!
Unburdened, save by singing,
Pale Grief shall leave his seat of gloom
Where kisses now are clinging.

Oh, hope is sweet, oh, youth is near,
And love is sweeter—nearer,
Oh, life is sweet, and life is dear,
But Death is often dearer.

Oh, shield the little hearts from wrong,
While childhood's laugh is ringing;
And kiss the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing.

Oh, crown with joy the brows of youth,
Before their brows are older,
Oh, touch with love the lips of truth
Before those lips are colder.

For the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over,
Though brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Among the numerous articles of dress prepared for the country and the sea-side, we may mention cloaks of the bournouze form, made of cashmere of light texture, affording a convenient outward wrap, without being too warm for the season. The colors most generally adopted are gray, blue, and brown. For these cloaks a very pretty description of trimming has been introduced. It consists of a broad plush band of a plaided pattern, and in a variety of colors. The Indian Tussore silk is also much employed for bournouze cloaks.

Basquines of black or colored silk will be very fashionable during the autumn. They are made rather long, and have very much the effect of polisses, which name is, indeed, occasionally applied to them. They are trimmed either with black lace or with ruches of silk. The latter have a very showy effect.

The continued warm weather defers the change (usual at the present season) from summer to autumn costume. Dresses of barege and silks of light hues are most prevalent in promenade or carriage costume. We may here describe two dresses, or rather complete toilettes, prepared for a lady of high rank prior to her departure from town. They are intended for the carriage drive and for forenoon visits.

One of these dresses is composed of dove-color silk; and it has seven flounces, each edged with a piping of white silk. With it is to be worn (as long as the weather may continue sufficiently warm to permit it) a scarf mantelet of white sprigged muslin, edged all round by a broad hem, within which is a running of light-green ribbon. The scarf is gathered down at the back by a bow and long ends of green ribbon. The bonnet is of white crape bouillonne, with a small plume of dove-color and white marabouts.

The other dress, destined for the same lady, is composed of silk of a rich gold color, shaded with peach blossom. It has two jupes. The upper one is cut out in deep vandykes at the bottom, and these vandykes are edged with a ruche of ribbon of the same colors as those of the silk. The mantelet is of black lace, and the bonnet is of *Paille de riz*, ornamented on one side with a bunch of yellow broom.

Dresses with double skirts are extremely fashionable. This style of make is no longer confined to evening dress. It is adapted to dresses even of ordinary materials. The gray carmelito, at present so fashionable for plain out-door dress, has a very pretty effect in a double skirt, trimmed with rows of black or colored velvet.

We have seen a dress of mauve color silk with a double skirt. The upper skirt was cut out in deep vandykes, and edged with a double ruche of silk; the under jupe had a single ruche of the same.

Another dress of green chequered silk, likewise with a double skirt, was trimmed with folds of silk cut the bias way, which produced a very pretty effect in the chequered silk.

A variety of beautiful passementerie trimmings have been introduced for the double skirts. Rows of velvet, black or colored, continue to be very fashionable.—*London Lady's Paper of August 29th.*

A NOVEL MATCH.—A swimming match once took place at Paris between Madame de C——, and Marquise de B——, who undertook to accomplish the distance between the Pont Neuf, and the Pont Notre Dame, in a given time, being allowed the use of the left hand only, the other to be occupied in holding a green parasol, to screen the visage of the fair swimmers from the sun. The usually quiet naked river was crowded with little boats. Count de C—— himself sat at the head of the boat in which the fair rivals had been conveyed to the midst of the river, and gave the signal for starting by hoisting a little blue flag. At the summons, the fair Naiads plunged over either side of the boat, and were soon beheld gliding along rapidly as the stream. The ladies were attired in loose, wide trowsers, of fine cashmere, white striped with blue, the wrist bound with a scarlet belt, a shirt of the finest cambric, with short sleeve. The Marquise de B—— was of a dark Moorish complexion, and her jet black tresses were confined by a net of scarlet silk, adorned with braid and tassels, while the golden locks of her companion were secured upon a roller, and shortened round her neck *a la gamin de Paris*. The dark eyed marquise won the victory by an arm's length.

☞ SHAKSPEARE ON POLYGAMY.—If we were consulted by an enthusiastic Mormon as to the number of wives he should take—how many it would be safe to go—we would answer him in the following Shakspearian quotation:—"Go to, and hang thyself."

SIMPLICITY IN ENGLISH DRESS.—In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent-rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants are much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen.

They were generally clothed in good, substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed; substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suits of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things. We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize and educate all mankind.

JAPANESE SMOKERS.—There is no nation whose people understand the use and appreciate the luxury of tobacco better than the Japanese; the pipe and a well filled tobacco pouch are considered by them as indispensable accompaniments to the things which contribute to man's happiness on earth. Men of all classes there are inveterate smokers; the Japanese pipe is about half the size of a lady's thimble—it is filled with tobacco, lighted, and three or four whiffs taken, when it is cleaned out for fresh tobacco. "It is not the use, but the abuse of this habit that shortens human life." "The Dutch are bad smokers," says Morigiana Takitsero.—*Doty's Journal.*

☞ Nonsense—sense that happens to differ from our own.

Useful Receipts.

DRYING SWEET CORN.—As you are luxuriating this month in that delicious compound, succotash, remember the dearth of next winter, and lay in a generous supply of this insinuating article. The beans will take care of themselves well enough, but the corn requires skill to evaporate its water, and leave behind in the kernel its sugar, starch, and gum, and those essential oils which lend their charm to the dish of corn and beans. Take the corn when in its best condition for this purpose. If too old upon the stalk, it will be too old next winter when dried. Juicy, plump ears, when the milk is richest, should be selected. They may be dried in the green state or boiled and then dried. In either case, scrape the corn from the cob, and dry upon sheets in bright, sunny weather, and finish off in pans in the oven or over the stove. When the drying is once commenced, the evaporation should be kept up until it is finished. Sweet corn, soured in the drying, is ruined.—*American Agriculturist.*

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—It is said by somebody, who pretends to know all about it, that the following is a sure remedy for the felon:—"Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir it in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain." We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy, and recommend it to any who may be troubled with that disagreeable ailment.—*Buffalo Adv.*

TO CLEAN BLACK SILK GLOVES, KID BOOTS AND SHOES.—To three parts of white of egg, and one part of ink. Mix it well, then damp a sponge with it, and rub it over the gloves, &c.

HUCKLEBERRY WINE.—These berries were very abundant in the year 1854, and a grocer in Hartford having accumulated a large quantity, filled a barrel of them to the bung, and then poured molasses in upon them until it was full. A powerful fermentation followed, and in two or three months a clear, pleasant wine or syrup was drawn from the cask. He then turned the barrel on end, took out the head and readily sold the berries for making pies, etc. The liquid was much esteemed, and was found, like the berries, to be an active diuretic, and very efficient in urinary obstructions. It is very probable that a like process with blackberries and other fruits would produce a pleasant beverage, and with but very little trouble.

SIMPLE CURE FOR A SNAKE BITE.—Mr. Jno. Andrews, of Darlington, informs us that he had a small negro boy, who, mistaking a moccasin for a stick, picked it up, and was bitten on the thumb. Mr. A. had frequently been informed that his grandfather, who was a great hunter, had never failed to prevent any evil consequences resulting from a snake bite, by washing the wound in water, and at the same time squeezing out the poison. He, in this case, resorted to this cure. Holding the wounded member under water, he washed it for some time. The cure was complete; the thumb did not even swell. The bite of the moccasin is as much dreaded as that of the rattlesnake. This statement may be relied upon. Mr. Andrews is a man of character.—*Exchange Paper.*

MILK PAINT.—The milk paint—made of milk and lime—is said to have been used on the continent of Europe for several years, with good success. It dries quickly, has no smell, and is prepared as follows:

"Take fresh curds—bruise the lumps of lime on a grinding stone or in an earthen pan or mortar, to make it just thick enough to be kneaded. Stir this mixture without adding more water, and a white colored fluid will soon be obtained, which will serve as a paint. It may be laid on with a brush with as much ease as varnish, and it dries in very speedily. It must, however, be used the same day it is made, for if kept till next day it will be too thick; consequently no more must be made at one time than can be laid on in a day.

TO MY FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

There is no help for me! I know it now;
The long employment of my hope is past;
I troubled heaven unceasingly, and thou
Wert given in answer to my prayer, at last.

I thought the moon would fill her tender urn
With softer light, when thou wert come to me;
That all the larks would silently return
From the red gate of morning, seeing thee.

And thou art here, and wearest out the day
With honied kisses, more than I can name;
But while I take up thoughtful words to pray,
My heart is empty, aching all the same.

There is no help, my heart, ah, me! ah, me!
Yet this perhaps is left, to be resigned;
And more than this, for still it rests with thee
To give the good which thou did'st hope to find

THE ORCHARD SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

What wonder that the twilight sky
Is blushing o'er the distant sea,
This evening by the orchard spring,
Somebody told his love to me
The breezes heard the secret where
They listened in the alders by,
And quick as thought they skipped the waves
And lisped it to the Western sky.

The clover blossoms, filled with bees,
Grew rosier beneath their light;
The lily drooped her pretty head,
And sighed to think her leaves were white.
A bluebird sung a song o'erhead,
As full of joy as it could be.
And all the fairies in the grass
Laughed loud and clapp'd their hands with glee

Ah, my own heart leaped quicker than
The winds across the waves away;
I need not blame the summer clouds,
My cheeks were rosier still than they.
And happier was I than the bird
That sung his vespers in the tree,
With hearing by the orchard spring
That wond'rous love of his for me.

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE KING COMES TO HIS OWN.

It was a very short time after these events that old Phillis became Miss Chinaway, and that Mr. and Mrs. Spoker lived with her in Harkstone Castle. Mr Spoker continued his practice as usual, and was little at home. His wife and their one little boy were constant inmates of Harkstone, and more or less companions to Phillis. But her habits were too much confirmed by age, and by her very limited intellect, to alter in proportion to her fortunes. She slunk about, dropping curtseys to the footman, and dusting her own room with unconquerable pertinacity. When the idea could be conveyed to her that any particular thing was wrong, she would forbear that thing—why it was wrong she never reflected, the fact was enough; but as to other prohibitions, she disregarded them. Curtseying to the footman she left off, but dusting she adhered to. She made an enormous quantity of worsted stockings, ceasing to knit only at those times when she had more worsted; for it was very long before it understood that she had money to spend procuring things she wished to have. Idleness, unhappily, she could not enjoy; nor was labor she had been trained to any pleasure to her; if anything occurred which could fill up vacant hours, therefore, it was a boon. One of Spoker's brothers brought the old heir- a dog; and this dog she dimly looked upon as a charge, and fed and attended upon it, till it doted upon her. Its real name was Fly; but she called it by the general name of "pooppy," which she was accustomed to apply to dogs of all ages. "Pooppy," she would say, "come, pooppy, pooppy;" and he fawned upon her and frolicked round her much the more as the autocratic possessor of the castle of the two. By slow degrees she came to assert this dog's right to do what he liked—to lie on the chairs, to drink the cream, to run over the garden.—Her order not to allow these things from Mrs. Spoker would have been obeyed, but eluded, and perhaps resented; and Mrs. Spoker had her own views, which induced her to cultivate the affections of the heiress.

Her little boy was four years old; and the first Phillis made many advances to him, which the mother was very anxious to promote. But Phillis's notions of children were all drawn from those who occasionally had been added to her old guardian's care, and among whom she had always been a favorite; but then their habits were not so tender as little Harry Spoker's. What she heard other people say she was much in the habit of adopting; her advances to these young persons, therefore, had usually been in the style of her mother's;—"I'll give you the stick, naughty boy;" or "I warrant I'll soon make you remember." No other execution had attached to these menaces, either in her own mind, or that of the children, who proceeded in their own course regardless of her. But Harry Spoker thought of them more seriously; and in his way he treated them as though they had the truths. "Naughty, ugly old miss," he would reply, "I will whip you, for I hate you." Phillis paid no kind of attention to these hard words, but would pour her tea into the saucer, and hold it out for him, as if no other language had passed on either side. If he took a fancy to pull down her gray hair, or to put it her pocket for her housewife, he was welcome; and when he once or twice hid his face behind the screen, she played at peep with him till he himself was exhausted. "I have laughed out all my laugh," said he; "I must stop now."

But her persevering blandishments by degrees overcame his suspicions, and he began to grow fond of her company, and to exert all his whims and much of his affection, upon her. This made her very happy, and she became his slave-drudge as if she were still the ragged dweller in the cottage. Mrs. Spoker also was delighted that she knew that Harkstone Castle was in a girl's power.

"Those who have but the sense to make a will," said she, to her husband; "and I really don't myself think she is deficient. She chooses her own dinner now, and she can buy things at the shop as well as anybody."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Spoker; "but her sense, or her nonsense alike, ought to leave the estate to the captain; but, my dear, I won't have any interference to induce her to dispose of it otherwise. Now, I'm quite serious."

Mrs. Spoker answered nothing; but she kept her own ideas on the subject. She could not quite satisfy herself whether or not Phillis believed that she was really the owner of the castle. Phillis inhabited it in silence, as she had done the cottage, conforming to all that other people did; but Mrs. Spoker tried to arouse in her a sense of possession. She often exhorted her to "exert herself to fill her position," words which, like others, Phillis adopted, and, when she found occasion, applied them.

Little Harry one day, trying in vain to draw her from her knitting to play, said,

"Shall you never be ready, Silly?" for that was the appellation to which he had reduced Phillis.

"Yes; but you wait a minute. I must exert myself to fill my position."

And when Harry asked, "What's that mean, Silly?" she answered,

"I'm bound to finish your stockings afore Sunday."

And indeed she worked hard for Harry.

Mrs. Spoker tried to make her comprehend that Mr. Chinaway had made her possessor of Harkstone by a paper,—she did not call it a will; and this transaction Phillis seemed to comprehend better than any in which actual money passed before her eyes.

"He drew a paper," said Phillis, collecting the heads of the argument, "and put in anybody's name as pleased him. He was the master."

"And you are the mistress now," said Mrs. Spoker, "and can put in anybody's name, too."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Phillis.

"No, you must not say that. I've nothing to do with it. But probably you like some people better than others. Whom do you like?"

"I like them as is kind to me," said Phillis; and the subject seemed to pass as entirely from her mind as if it had been a lesson read at school.

"Be kind to poor Phillis," said Mrs. Spoker to her little son, "and don't call her *Silly;* call her Phillis."

The people in the county were very much amused by what had taken place in the old castle, and several of the families called there, and tried to see the heiress. But Mr. Spoker was a sensible man, and would neither allow her to appear before such people, nor his wife to profit by her own residence in the castle to enter into their society. He explained the manner in which he and Mrs. Spoker were situated, and declared himself merely the agent for the estate, and that his wife, at the request of Captain Graburn, had consented to live with the friendless Phillis. People in general gave him credit for a design to appropriate the estate; but nobody could deny that what he said was rational and satisfactory.

Meantime his own and his wife's connections were not to be denied; and they came many and frequently to the castle. Still Mr. Spoker allowed no splendors. There was a certain sum appropriated by him to housekeeping, and he would not permit his wife to add more than that sum to their own income.

"How should I answer, my dear, to the next possessor," said he, "when accounts come to be looked over, for spending more than what will keep up a proper house for poor Phillis, and remunerate myself and you for our care of her?"

"That depends on who *is* the next possessor," said Mrs. Spoker. "I heard her say one day it should be the person who was kind to her; and if anybody's kind, I know who *that* is."

"Did she, indeed," said Mr. Spoker.—"What made her say that, I wonder?"

"Oh, you underrate her terribly," said his wife. "She has far more sense than you think for."

"I'm afraid so," muttered Mr. Spoker; and when he went to his room to write letters for that day's post, he looked for Captain Graburn's address, and indited him the following epistle:

"DEAR SIR:—I feel myself in a very anxious position; for should anything happen to old Miss Chinaway, and should she make a will contrary to justice, I might be accused of neglecting your interests in a way very derogatory to my professional integrity. People *will* get about her, and there's no knowing what impression they may make by affecting a kind manner, to which she has never been used. Therefore, my dear sir, I should strongly counsel you to pay a visit to the castle to look after your own fortunes, and flatter the heiress.

"Yours, faithfully,
"L. SPOKER."

A few days brought him back the answer.

"DUBLIN, Porto Bello Barracks.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Many thanks; but let people go about her. Life is too short to 'flatter the heiress,' and I am enjoying it now, and have no mind to waste the present upon the chance of securing what I might either fail to get, or be too old to have pleasure from in future. How is the old girl? as handsome as ever?

"Yours, very truly,
"CHARLES GRABURN.

"Many and kind thanks to you."

"He's making game of me, I almost think," said Mr. Spoker, to himself, as he folded up this letter. "He need not have been so short upon me."

The years 1853–4 passed away, all these circumstances unaltered, except by the changes silently wrought on them by outward events. Phillis gradually took in some of the new ideas about her, and was thought competent by the committee of a local charity to sign the sale of some land which they wanted for enlarging their building. Mrs. Spoker had been very benevolent about this land. She thoroughly believed that her wishes on this subject were all for the school, and was quite justified to herself in making the best of Phillis's ability to sell the land by the convenience it would be to the charity. She was eager to promote the sale by assurances that Phillis understood what was wanted, and that she could fully enter into the scheme; and when the trustees came to talk with the strange heiress, rejoiced aloud, for the sake of Harkstone school, that they understood Phillis's peculiarities to be only the result of previous circumstances, and the change in them. Mr. Spoker said to his wife:

"If she can do this, she can also make a will. I wish Captain Graburn would look after her."

"I am sure, my dear, I wish he would, poor young man," said his wife.

This young man, meantime, was going his own way, with as little reference to Harkstone Castle as possible. *He had put it out of his head at once, and the raillery of the many and* sympathy of the few were alike distasteful to him. He had done what was both right and very unpleasant, and he wished to *have done* with it altogether. It was an odd page in life, turned over, and, as far as depended on him, forgotten. Like other young soldiers, when the eventful 1854 came, he was entirely of opinion that England ought to go to war, because it would give the army the opportunity of active service, and was highly gratified to find his opinion adopted by the kings and queens of the earth, and hostilities declared against Russia. He belonged to a cavalry regiment which was not one of those ordered out upon service; and the moment this was ascertained, he posted to the Horse Guards to get upon active service, which he could only do by exchanging into a regiment of infantry already under orders for the Crimea. In acting thus, he did what was not only pleasant to himself, but what he had quite a right to do; for, except one first cousin by his mother's side, he had not a relation whose wishes to detain him need have any weight with him. This first cousin was a bragging, prating fool, whom Charles Graburn never thought of except as an object to turn into ridicule. When he made his will, therefore, previously to leaving England, he was very much puzzled to know who should be his heir. "It is but little," said he, to himself, "but, little or much, Nicholas Shipewood shall not have it! Ass!" He reflected for a long time, and at last determined.

He had on his table a little book, containing "Directions for Making a Will;" otherwise, if he had been obliged to consult a lawyer, he never would have had courage to do as he did. There was a young lady with whom he had danced all his last leave in London; whenever he could, he had ridden beside her in the park; and at last he had observed that when she caught sight of him in the doorway, the color blushed over her pretty face, and that in the open air in the Park, her eyes welcomed him before her father or her brother perceived his approach. Then the straightforward and honest Charles Graburn had gone away; for, said he to himself, "I've nothing, and she has nothing. If I had—oh, if I had, I would go to Lady Thames's ball to-night, and ask that pretty, sweet, simple, high-bred girl to be my wife. As it is—as it is—heigh ho!"

He went away, and put her, like Harkstone Castle, out of his head as much as he could. He was all for being happy, and he could not have been happy if he had let his mind run on Florence; but her image recurred to him when he was leaving England.

"I would have given her all," said he to himself; "and she shall have it now, if I die; she can't have it otherwise. Accordingly he drew up his will in her favor, securing to her all of which he, Charles Graburn, stood in possession on that — day of ——, 1854. The will was witnessed by his servant, and left in the hands of a lawyer, whom he had occasionally consulted. When Florence de Nyle saw her last-season's partner gazetted for the Crimea, and wiped away the two tears which suddenly darkened her sight, she very little thought how he had been thinking of her.

The very same day, at Harkstone Castle, as Phillis was walking after Harry Spoker, and the "pooppy" was following her, she suddenly fell down on the gravel walk, and could not succeed in getting up again. Harry tried what he could by exhortation and rebuke, and at last ran for his mother. Mrs. Spoker ran and lifted her up, and assisted her back to the house. It was evident she had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis; an event not to be wondered at, considering the total change of habits she had undergone. The doctor was sent for, and Phillis for this time recovered. What portion of wits she had did not seem diminished by the attack, but in her health there was an evident alteration. She walked less with Harry, diminished the activity with which she had arranged her room, ate less, slept more, and liked an easy chair to sit in. *It could not be doubted that this would not last very long,* and the destinies of Harkstone Castle became a matter of very great interest.

"Only keep her from thinking about a will at all, my dear," said Mr. Spoker to his wife.

"Very well, Spoker," answered the lady; "but you know she can be very stubborn if she takes a thing in her head."

This was true of some things, but not of such great interests as the Harkstone property; for it might certainly be a subject of doubt whether the idea of possessing it had ever established itself in Phillis's head. But Mrs. Spoker went on deceiving herself, and fancying she believed it very possible that the strange heiress might obstinately make little Harry her heir.

"If she should make a will contrary to Captain Graburn's interests while I am her adviser," said Mr. Spoker, "I would recommend him to dispute it, and I would assist him with all the information in my power. It would be dishonorable on my part; it would be a professional discredit."

"You would not if it were your own son," suggested his wife."

"I would," said Spoker, "though it were my son's soul in my father's skin."

Mrs. Spoker argued no more, but she said to herself, "Ah, well, he has not been tried yet."

Phillis lingered on. Through all the summer of 1854 she continued to live a declining life; and her interests were bounded to her physic, her port wine, her crawl along the gravel-walk, aided at length by Mrs. Spoker's arm. All those exciting months—when battles were fought, when brave men triumphed or perished, when the hearts at home beat fast for the fates of those abroad, when the great interests concerned absorbed for the most part smaller and personal interests—Phillis, neither knowing nor caring about those scenes, was quite taken up with her own living or dying.

The winter saw her withdrawn into a warm room, sitting in an easy chair, too weak to rise from it; a jelly on the table, and an orange; a piece of flannel drawn over her head. The comfort and luxury she enjoyed were far more prominent in her feelings than the illness. She said very little, but wondered at her own comfortableness; and before very long Spoker heard her frequently pronounce the phrase,

"You are all so kind to me."

"What is she thinking of, poor thing?" thought he. "Somebody is pumping her."

Possessed with this idea, he was more frequently in her sick room; and by all the indirect means he knew tried to assure himself that she had made no will.

"Things change strangely, don't they, Phillis?" said he. "Who would have thought of seeing you here in old Mr. Chinaway's place? yet here you are."

"And they say I shall lie inside the church, by the side of him, when I die," said Phillis.

"Oh, we must not talk of dying," said old Spoker. "No fear of dying this time."

"I be not afeard. Better die whilst I am well off."

"Nay, there's no chance of change, is there?" said Spoker. "Live as long as you will, you will always have this warm room and this easy chair and this fine place—hey?"

"Don't know; it's queer to be here."

"When you are gone," said he—"and we all *must* go some time—somebody will be here in your place. Do you think so?"

"You may sit yourself."

"I? Oh, no, on no account. What made you think of it?"

"It's very comfortable," said Phillis; "I did but think you loved an easy-chair. Harry loves it when I'm not in."

"Oh, yes, yes, the chair, of course, the chair. So you'll leave Harry the easy-chair."

"Do you mean like mother left me the box with money, when she was dead?"

"Well, yes."

"That's a thing I'd fain know," said Phillis. "A paper was the way mother gave me the box, wasn't it?"

"I dare say it was; but it is a bad thing to write when people don't well know how. I sincerely advise you never to write."

"Nay, but there are some say I ought to write. I don't say who, because they, maybe, would be angry, and you're all desperate kind now to me."

"Oh, no, we are not—not at all—not in the least. I beg you won't think so; and as to writing, you can't surely—best not. You *have* not written, have you?"

"No."

"And *will* not?"

"I dunna know."

"At all events, I am the only person who knows how to write things like that which old Mrs. Many—your mother, as you call her—wrote. Now promise one thing—I am sure I am kind to you."

"I don't say not," said Phillis; "so is little Harry; they all say so."

"But Harry can't write; so promise, if there is to be any writing, that I shall be the man to do it. Will you promise, Phillis?"

"Ay, ay; I don't think to trouble anybody, perhaps," said Phillis. "You be kind, and the missus very, and little Harry, and all."

"And there's another who has been kinder to you than any one," said Mr. Spoker, "and that's Captain Graburn. All that you have comes to you through the captain."

"Noa, sir, 'twar the old master with a paper."

"But the captain got it first, and gave it all to you."

"What for did he? for I don't know what captain you do mean."

"Not know Captain Graburn?"

"Noa. I dunna know, I'm sure."

"Oh, Phillis, you surely must know the gentleman who came to you, and told you that you had money and the castle, and all."

"I do remember something of a fine gentleman, with hairs in his mouth, that came when mother lay dead, and made jokes at me."

"Alas," said Spoker to himself, "what a trick for that jade Fortune to play him!" Then he added aloud, "Well, well, Phillis, I'm sure you'll keep in mind what a friend to you *I* have been, and will promise to let me do your writing."

"Ay, ay, ay," said Phillis, stupidly; and turned her attention entirely to sucking an orange.

Time went on, and each portion of it was marked to most minds in England. The days of that year were photographed as they passed beneath the sun; they did not rise to be forgotten at their set; their images became permanent as they went by.

Those who thought least of the heroic deeds and stoutly supported sufferings of that time were the heroes of the deeds themselves. Their simple valor, their good sense, their careful carelessness of standing an hour under the enemy's fire, their matter-of-fact purchase of a sausage, their patience under the privation of rations of all kinds, their parade canter to the charge of Balaklava, their nightly cigar behind the bulwarks of the trenches, were unlike most of the big words and flashing looks which came from swollen hearts and eyes about them in England. The patient valor of the men, who "rarely despond, and never despair," is like a trumpet to the souls of those who read of it; but the trumpet itself is unmoved impassable metal.

A NOONDAY HALT IN THE DESERT.

A recent English traveller says:—We are supposed now to have past El Arish—the Egyptian quarantine station, on the Syrian frontiers. The road before us still continues hot and dusty, though not quite so monotonous as heretofore; for every two hours or so we come upon a stump of trees and wretched little village consisting of six or a dozen hovels, and almost invariably another village just opposite to it, and as far away as you can see upon the horizon. When that direful malady the plague used to be of frequent occurrence, then one or the other of these villages would be entirely deserted, and allotted for the residence or death-place of such unhappy creatures as were stricken. On the movements of these unfortunates a strict watch was kept from the other village. The people left food and water for the use of the sick at some distance; and such among the sufferers as were able fetched it for their use. The dying buried the dead; and the plague-village was desolate and deserted for many succeeding months. Here we come upon a wild son of the desert, who, together with his camel, is luxuriating in the shade afforded by the hut and the palm tree. Enveloped in his loose *meshlah* (cloak,) he avails himself of the favorable opportunity offered for airing his dubiously-washed wearing apparel, which the good woman of the house has washed for him and hung out to dry on the roof of the house. This is the last village we encounter before arriving at Khan-Younes, the Syrian frontier, from which the sanatory cordon extends to the sea on one side, and Hebron on the other.

For instance—and we all have instances—there were Charles Graburn and his friend Frederick Palliser; the same who was playing at chess with him in Birmingham when he got the first news of his succession to Harkstone. They were in the tent which they had agreed to occupy in common, leaving the other which belonged to them to their servants and kitchen, and they were enjoying one hour of the day. Nearly everybody has to look forward to one as more comfortable than the rest of the twenty four. They had laid down on their beds, and had heaped over themselves several old horse-cloths, which they had purchased one time or other at officers' sales (thus they obtained the blessing of warmth); young Palliser also, the day before, had been down to Balaklava, and brought up a Dutch cheese and several onions, and had stopped at the best brush he met with, and cut away a good bundle, which he had brought into camp amid much ironical cheering. It was his turn, however, now to laugh; for his servant had added it to the scanty allowance of firewood made for cooking, and had boiled some strong, black coffee, a good cup of which was being sipped smoking hot by both young men. As if to complete their comfort, an orderly came to the tent from the head-quarters of their division with the long-expected post from England, and, among others, gave one to Charles Graburn. His companion received more. Few men had left behind so small a number of correspondents in England to give and take the news as our hero. They were at once deeply engaged in their packets. The one addressed to Charles Graburn ran as follows:

"HARKSTONE CASTLE, 3rd Dec.

"Dear Sir—I regret to inform you that Miss Chinaway departed this life, in hopes of a better, yesterday evening at 11.45, *without a will.* By these fortunate circumstances you become sole and indisputable possessor of Harkstone Castle and all its appurtenances; and as I had the pleasure to prevail on her, at the last solemn moments, to let me put in the fire a will which she herself, in extraordinary characters and grammar, had laboriously penned, I think myself doubly entitled to offer you the congratulations which I once before too hastily tendered. Nothing now remains but to come home as soon as possible, and exchange your sword for a ploughshare.

"Dear sir, for self and partner,
"Yours most faithfully,
"PETER SPOKER."

Charles Graburn read this letter twice, and then looked up to catch his friend's sympathy. But Frederick Palliser was buried in his own letters. His earnest face promised no sympathy for Charles, and he waited till his friend should have leisure to hear him. His own thoughts meantime were all in tumult. Rich again, lord of that strange old place, able to indulge in all those plans which had tried often to tempt his imagination, at the same time likely enough to be deprived of all by a bullet or a bayonet; for the first time he thought of the dangers of war. He read the letter again; he blessed old Spoker; he wondered what the old heiress had written; he remembered the first time he had been declared heir of the castle, and again he looked for an auditor. Frederick Palliser was folding up a letter, and deeply pondering on the contents; but Charles would wait no longer.

"Frederick," said he, "do you remember the time in Birmingham—"

At this moment a sudden blast of the bugles of their own division sounded the turn-out. Up sprang both the officers snatching their swords from the bedsides, and in the same moment bolting the remainder of the coffee and thrusting their letters into their pockets.

"I thought that infernal row must mean something," said Palliser, as they sprang out of the tent. "They've been at it stoutly—but I hoped it was only the French lines."

"I was afraid it was on our right," said Charles; "but we were too comfortable to move without occasion."

These words were said in the few moments before the apparatus of war was made ready to and by their hands; and in the changing of a scene they were engaged in supporting the defence of their division against the sortie which had been made by a strong body of Russians upon it. The enemy's screech, the cheers of the English, the alarm sung out by the bugles, the cracking of musketry, the blaze of murderous fire that far round illumined the place—all made up a scene that told on the spirits and hearts of those engaged. Some it animated to madness; and when the enemy at last gave way, and the impetus of pursuit began, the party commanded by our two heroes (unluckily for themselves,) carried it too far, and found themselves before long beyond their own lines, and in over close neighborhood of the Russian supports, which enabled the fugitives to rally, and turned the tide against those who were but now conquerors. There was nothing to do but to retreat. Far behind, the note of the English buglers was heard sounding the "cease firing;" but that was not the call that suited the affairs of this too-forward party. Gradually drawing back, the men alternately fired and retreated, their officers nearest the enemy, and preserving with great coolness their own and their men's presence of mind and steadiness. But the numbers that were opposed to them increased; and at last, a dash being made by their whole body, the English were broken, and fled back to their lines. Charles Graburn would fain have fled too; but before he knew that he was not running he was lying insensible on the ground, struck by one ball through the neck, and another on the hip. His last act of consciousness was to grapple a great thistle, and find energetic fault with it for pricking his hands. After that, battle, Russians, home, Harkstone Castle, flight, pursuit—all were nothing to him for a space; he knew not how long the space, nor what where the events passing, till at last pain returned, and consciousness, and by degrees the knowledge of his situation. It was dark night still though to the east the crags loomed out of the obscurity where the day was sending forth on the blackness its first obscure dull brown. The earth around was almost hidden, but he could perceive a few great stones and some stumps of brush, and at last a lump, which bore the proportions of a man, lying moderately near. "It's poor Fred, probably," thought he; "no

were close when I fell;" and with extreme difficulty he dragged himself near to the prostrate man, and could then discern that he was alive by an occasional movement.

"Is it you, Fred?" he gulped out, scarcely able to speak for his neck-wound. "You are alive, then?"

"Yes; but I think I've enough. And you?"

"Bad enough; I can scarcely stir. But, Fred, I've something to do before I die, if I am to die. Do you remember what I was saying to you when the bugles sounded?"

"Not the least."

"What do you think? I've inherited Harkstone Castle."

"Odd enough," said Frederick.

"And I want to leave it away from Nicholas, and to Florence."

"You are wandering, poor Charley."

"No, no; I've all my wits, and also the blank side of Spoker's letter. I'll contrive to scrawl it, if you'll contrive to sign."

"Go on," said Fred.

Charles Graburn, thus encouraged, took from his pocket the letter, which was dyed and wet with his blood, and, as far as he could discern the black mark of his pencil on that part of the paper which continued white, wrote, "I leave my whole property to Florence de Nyle." Frederick grasped the pencil, and with infinite difficulty subscribed his name. Charles Graburn's spirits rose with the excitement.

"But there should be two witnesses by rights," said he. "If it's not perfectly good, old Nick will come down upon it."

"I don't know where you'll get another," said Fred. "A Russian is the only chance; and the first daylight will bring plunderers, who are more likely to bayonet us than to sign your will."

"True enough; can't you crawl away, Fred?"

"Not I; I'm shot through both thighs; I am motionless."

Both were silent; they bore their pain gallantly. They endured stoutly the ideas which they could not but press on them,—of the enemy, against whom they were helpless. All was still for another quarter of an hour; then the earth vibrated beneath their prostrate forms, and directly after the sound of horses' feet, approaching at a trot, made itself heard. It was a Russian party, as appeared by the tone of their speech, but in the darkness they did not perceive the wounded soldiers, and they passed on. They were followed at a short distance by an officer of their own, who deviated a little from the track of his party, and passed near the young men. Charles's thoughts were very much carried out of his situation by his momentary possessions. As the officer came near, he lifted up his arm, and at the same time called to him, in French,

"Oblige me, sir."

"Don't be afraid, sir," said the officer.

"Afraid!" cried Charles; "nothing of the kind. But oblige me. Sign your name to this paper."

"What—my name?" said the officer, who could hardly be said to have paused.

"Yes, indeed, sir, yes indeed! It is my will."

"Ah, sir," said the Russian, hastily jumping on his horse, and doing as he was asked, and on again in a second.

"Ivan Ilashensko," said Charles, reading the characters with straining eyes. "Good-bye, Mr. Ilashensko, till we meet at Harkstone Castle, Dorsetshire."

The officer were gone while the words were saying, but he heard them, and touched his cap, half-laughing, as he started after his men.

"Who knows, Fred," said Charles, his spirits quite elated, low as he lay there,—"who knows but you and I, and that fellow, shall be by the Christmas fire at Harkstone yet?"

"Not *I*," said Frederick. "If you ever get back, take my love to poor Alice."

"I will, I will," said Charles; and, after a pause, he broke out again, "and, Fred, if you do come, bring Alice with you."

"All right," said Frederick, not able nor willing to dispute about probabilities.

The daylight meantime grew clearer, and they could see several of their own men lying motionless on the stony earth. At a distance, too, it seemed as if a figure moved in the dim twilight, stooping at each prostrate body it came to, and after a few seconds again advancing. Charles Graburn grasped the sword which still lay by his side.

"I'll not die like a dog, without striking a blow," thought he; but a moment after, he relaxed his hold, and cried aloud, "He's our own! Soldier, come hither!"

The figure turned at the voice, and approached at a run; but the same exclamation which had caught his attention excited that also of four gray-coated figures, which had been partly hidden by inequalities in the ground, partly by the mist of the wintry morning. They were nearest, and sprang at once upon the two officers. "Surrender! prisoner!" said both; but their Russ and French were alike unheeded by the men, who tore away in a moment the ornaments of their dress, while one of the four, with the dismounted bayonet he held, lifted his arm, about to strike. In a moment more the English soldier whom Graburn had observed was up with them, and the pistol he held in his hand had whizzed its ball through the head of the bayonet-armed Russian. The other three fell upon him; but he had snatched up Charles's sword, and stoutly defending and attacking, cut through the arm of another; and the remaining two, having neither time nor reason for persevering in the plunder of two defended men while plenty were lying undefended, turned sullenly away.

"Brave Weight!" cried Charles; "you've saved us."

"Ay, sir; I got leave to come and look for you; but there's more coming. I hope ours will be first."

"Do you see them? Are they coming?" cried both the young men.

"Yes, sir; both sides. I hope ours will be first. Captain Graham sent down ten of his troop to try and bring you two gentlemen off. There they are; but there's lots of the enemy."

"Will they be in time?"

"Well, I think so," said Weight, reloading the pistol.

"I feel them on all sides," said Frederick, for his torn nerves vibrated to sound and motion.

"Ay, sir," said Weight, looking first right then left.

The English soldiers were urging their horses over the rough dangerous ground; Weight's arm was lifted high to point out the place they had to make for, and then they dashed towards it. They came up in time; four sprang to the earth, and lifted the prostrate men. No care, no gentleness for their agonized limbs could there be. They raised them on the horses, and into the grasp of two of their comrades. Weight sprang behind another of the men, and they galloped away.

Did any one ever break a limb, and know what it was to be moved? Think of that gallop!

But they were saved; the dragoons carried the two officers within the lines, and up to the camp. There they were laid down and attended to. Frederick had fainted; Captain Graburn retained consciousness of his agony.

But they did not die; they lay in the hospital, and life returned to both. They were sent home as soon as they could be moved; and before they were well enough to think of returning to their duties peace had been made. Christmas of 1856 arrived, and the scene it presented at Harkstone Castle was nearly as Charles Graburn had said it would be, but better still. The bright fire was burning in the castle dining-room; and at the abundant Christmas board sat Frederick and his dear happy Alice; honest and excellent Spoker, and his wife, resplendent in a diamond-cross and ear-rings,—Charles's present. There was no Ilashensko, indeed; but instead of him, at the head of the table sat that fair Florence who had been made mistress of the castle on the bloody Chersonese, and who sat there mistress, not of that only, but of the warm glad heart which had so nearly ceased to beat when he remembered her; and thinking to see her no more, "with all his worldly goods did her endow."

The gift had been confirmed in her own village church as soon as Charles could walk with her to the holy table. She had loved him poor, and he knew it; riches were wanted only to give the two a home in common; and it was now a month since they had enjoyed it together. Charles's sense of Mr. Spoker's honorable conduct was expressed in ways more profitable than the sparkling present to his wife; and as for Sergeant Weight, he sat in the housekeeper's room the most honored of guests, and every body thanked him and praised him for having saved Charles Graburn's life, except Florence; but she, often as she took his hand in hers and began to speak, broke down for want of voice, and could do nothing but look him in the face, her eyes overflowing with tears.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL

FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

BURNBANK COTTAGE, *July 7th*, 1844.—Mrs. Lake said to me this morning, in her grave, impressive fashion,

"My dear love, it is a very serious responsibility to be an heiress."

She was looking straight into me, as it were, and I felt that she was in such solemn earnest, that I dared not turn it off with a laugh, as I could have done if anybody else had made the remark. Indeed, for a moment, a perfect spasm of terror made my heart quiver again; I could scarcely get my breath, and went red and white, hot and cold, half-a-dozen times in as many minutes.

I cannot be glad as I know some girls would. I never knew what it was to want money, and so don't set much store by it—I don't see how it can make me any happier than I have been, but I do see how it can make me a very great deal more miserable.

Ever since Mrs. Lake said that about its being a serious responsibility, I have felt as if I had got a great heavy yoke about my neck. I wonder what Uncle Robert meant by laying such a heavy burden upon me, when there were Cousin Henry and Cousin Jane who would have borne it with so much more dignity—who would have rejoiced in it, sleeping and waking, which I shall never, never do!—He might have built a church (and sorely they want one at Burnshead), or endowed a hospital; he might have done a thousand things with it more sensible and profitable than bequeathing it to me whom he had never seen, and who am not the least bit grateful for it.

What am I to do with eighty thousand pounds? If I were a man I would go into business, and speculate with it, and get rid of it; I hate trouble and anxiety about money, and I love to sit with dear Grannie in this pretty old drawing-room, and read, or sew, or idle, just as it pleases me. I never felt to want anything grander or better; our life seemed quite sufficient for me, and now it will be changed—all changed!

I am a very common-place, unambitious body, no doubt, but I can't help it. I don't want to be magnificent and do great deeds; I never had an aspiration in my life! I like to give Ailie Martin five shillings and a flannel petticoat at Christmas, or to help anybody whose cow or donkey dies; but as for having my name put in charitable subscription-lists, as other people's are, with great sums of money after them, it would make me want to hide my head for shame at my ostentation! I said yesterday to Grannie and Cousin Jane, that I believed this fine fortune would prove the plague of my life, and Cousin Jane bade me not talk so wildly, I should be glad enough of it some day; Grannie only sighed; in her heart she thinks as I do—that I shall be neither the happier nor the better for it.

It has already made me have some disagreeable thoughts;—the Curlings, who are generally so high and mighty, and scarcely vouchsafe me a word, when they called the other day literally abased themselves before me; it would have delighted me to throw a sofa-cushion at Mary Jane when she began to praise what she styled my beautiful indifference to sordid dross; and if I had done it, I believe she would only have called it a charming outbreak of girlish vivacity! They asked me to tea, and I said I would not go; Grannie scolded me afterwards for being rude and abrupt to them; well, I dare say I was rude and abrupt, and I will never be anything else to people I dislike.

Then poor Miss Lawson and her sister Betsy took the other view of me, and the last time I saw them were quite stiff and cold. They hoped I should not be uplifted and proud in my new position, and pretended to think that I should despise coming to have tea at five o'clock in their dingy little parlor. It was not kind, for I am fond of Betsy, and I should like to give them a couple of nice easy chairs to rest their backs, only I am such an awkward creature, I don't know how to do it. If I have to give anybody anything, I always want to do it without being seen; and if ever what I offered was refused, I am sure I would never venture to offer again. I am very stupid! It is to be hoped I shall grow used to being rich, and I am sure I say my prayers that I may do no harm with my money, even if I cannot do much good; but it is all so new to me yet, and it eases me to tell my difficulties to my little books; they are so silly, I dare not inflict them even on Grannie, who looks sad and serious whenever I attempt it.

I should like to get some method of spending my income regularly; it shall not accumulate if I can help it. When Cousin Henry comes down to-morrow there will be a grand consultation over me; I should not wonder if I were to be sent off to school somewhere; the threat has been looming in Grannie's eyes for long. But I shall not like leaving home. Burnbank will always be home to me.

It looks so lovely from the windows just now! There is a little vessel with its white sails set, gliding across the glimpse of sea between the trees beyond the green; then the sun is out, and the wind is strong enough to keep up a continual whisper among the leaves; there are two charming little baby donkeys with their mothers, and flocks of geese, and a few children on the grass—now one of the baby donkeys is taking maternal refreshment, and the clerk's yelping terrier, Spite, is making a scurry among the geese! Ferndell Park may be very grand and very beautiful, but it will be transportation to go away from Burnbank for the grandest and most beautiful place in the world!—but I shall not need to live there yet!

July 9th.—It has ended as I expected. I am to go to school! Cousin Henry is very decided, and it was of no use to rebel. He is my guardian. He reminded me that I am not sixteen years old yet, and that my education has been of the plainest. Grannie spoke up for me, and said that though I was home-taught, I was not ignorant of common things, and that what I had learnt I had learnt thoroughly. It was good of her; but, of course, I must be far behind other girls who have had immense advantages. So this is my sentence; banishment from Burnbank, and hard labor at the long roll of accomplishments for two years; these are the first fruits of my heiress-ship! There is a little respite, however, for none of the schools open until August.

Since I have seen Cousin Henry and listened to his sage talk, I am more than ever impressed by the mistake Uncle Robert made in leaving his money to me instead of to him, and I believe Cousin Henry thinks it a mistake, too. He had not anything very pleasant to say, and appeared to consider his task of guardian to my wilful self anything but a delightful office. When I opposed one of his schemes because I did not like it, he retorted, sharply,

"Wealth has its penalties, Eleanor Clare, and you must take them along with its satisfactions. As long as you were a portionless country damsel, no one cared much what you did—now, as a rich heiress, there will be many scrutinizing eyes upon you."

I shall go and talk to Mrs. Lake about it: if I am to do this and not to do that, different to myself, I shall loathe my fortune; I think Cousin Henry might have left that unsaid. People who call, ask what I am going to do: and when they are told, some say it is the most sensible and best plan, but others wonder why I do not immediately plunge into fashionable revelry—I shall never do for that!

Cousin Jane has invited herself over to Burnbank to spend a week or two: I hope she will not bring a Dorcas basket to sew at, as she did the last time she came. I want to be out of doors this glorious weather.

It was such fun once in Cousin Henry's magnificent laying down of the law for my rule and guidance! When he had settled that I was to go to school, he added precisely: "And until Eleanor's education is finished her allowance need not be more than three hundred a-year. Afterwards, until she is of age, and my duty ceases, six hundred will be about the mark."

I spoke up immediately, and said: "No, Cousin Henry, it will not. I shall have five hundred a-year now, and immediately upon leaving school, I shall choose to enjoy the whole of my income."

Grannie looked so startled, and Cousin Henry sat bolt upright in his chair, drew a very long breath, and glared as if I had struck him. After a minute's pause, he asked, "But what can you do with five hundred a-year now?"

I replied, "I want to have a pretty little carriage and a pair of ponies, like Mrs. Lake's, for us at Burnbank; and in my holidays, I want a horse to ride myself—then I want to refurnish the drawing-room, and put up a little conservatory at the glass-door end,—I want to hire Mary Burton to wait on Grannie and me, and Mary's brother to attend to the ponies, and drive Grannie about when I am away. All that can be done, Cousin Henry?"

"Certainly, it can be done," said he, with a great deal of hesitation, and keeping his eye watchfully upon me.

"Then it must be done—there, Grannie, the carriage and ponies for you!" cried I, and really for the first time I felt what a good thing money is.

Cousin Henry did not look half satisfied, but he refrained from arguing the matter—perhaps he felt a little glad, because he is very fond of Grannie, and he has far too large a family himself for there to be any likelihood of his making her old age more comfortable. He could not reasonably oppose me, because I know Uncle Robert left his estate free from incumbrance and in perfect order; consequently there can be no pretence for accumulating money to clear or improve it.

I believe I am going to develope into a woman of business, after all. But would anybody believe it? I will tell you, my old book, but nobody else. I have been trying to calculate the interest of eighty thousand pounds at four per cent. and I can't do it! I know nothing of sums except the four first rules and long division, and I am ashamed to ask what my income will ultimately be—yet, I wish to know—and when I do know I will spend it every year up to the last shilling!

July 12th.—Last night I went to have tea with Miss Lawson and Betsy. I had bought two very nice easy chairs the day before at Compton, and sent them with a little note and my love. Next morning, Miss Betsy came and asked me to go in the evening; they were both so pleased with my present, and each sat in her chair all the time to show me how they appreciated them. I had felt afraid they might be affronted, but Miss Lawson said, "Never fear to do a kind action, Eleanor, now you have the means. We never could have bought these chairs ourselves, as Betsy knows, if our backs had been broken with rheumatism. We shall always think of you when we are resting in them." And she did not snap once all the while I was there.

Cousin Jane is here, as full of business and care as she usually is. I have subscribed to every one of her baskets, and all her schools, but I had hard work to beg off making sun-bonnets for the little girls of Central Africa; and whether I would or no, I have had to make two bazaar pin cushions and a doll pen-wiper. I offered her ten shillings to let me off, but she lectured me for idleness, and made me set to work. The Curlings came to invite us to join a pic-nic of theirs to the Abbey at Downham, but Grannie said No for me, and afterwards explained that she did not want me to be acquainted with the people I should meet there. I should have liked to go very well, not that I care for any of the people, but because the drive there is pleasant, and the old ruins are so beautiful.

The Curlings have undergone a wonderful transformation lately; their civility is oppressive; how I do dislike them! That Mary Jane asked me if I should continue to visit the Lawsons, and actually had the insolence to add: "The reason we never took you up so cordially as we were inclined to do, Eleanor dear, was because we really could not associate with such common people—you know they used to keep a little shop in Compton, where they sold coffee and tea."

I put on my grand air, which Grannie always says repels as decidedly as if I said, "Stand back!" and told her that my lovings and hatings had undergone no change, and that I should certainly go to Miss Lawson's as much as I had ever done. She reddened, and tried to talk about my position (she and I taking diametrically opposite views of how the said position is best respected), and opined that I should soon learn my own value.

How sick it all makes me! as if directly this mis-fortune happened to me I had lost my identity, and ceased to be that Eleanor Clare who went on her way rejoicing and unmolested! I don't like to think it can be true, but I have fancied that two or three people whom I have known since I was a child have ceased liking me as well as they did. Cousin Jane, for instance: she sneers at me continually. I do hope I shall not grow suspicious: I have often heard of people with money thinking they were not loved for themselves, and I should not like it to be my own case—but as little should I approve of being envied for it. Nobody knows, and I suppose nobody ever will know, for I am not going to prate about what I cannot do—how much better pleased and how much happier I should have been, if Uncle Robert had divided his property among the three of us, instead of leaving it all to me. Grannie says my mother was always his pet, but she evidently thinks that Ferndell ought to have been Cousin Henry's, so that it might have been kept in the name of Favell instead of passing to the Clare's—to be sure, it was not family property: Uncle Robert earned it for himself; and had, therefore, an indisputable right to bequeath it as he would, but his will has not given satisfaction to any of us—not even to me, his heiress.

I should like to know what made him pass over Cousin Henry and Cousin Jane. If I might hazard such a thought, I could almost fancy that Grannie loved Uncle Robert less than her other children. He never came among us here, and except for the present he sent to me at Christmas, I never should have known I had such a relative. Cousin Jane does not talk of him as if she had ever seen him, but only says that she understood he was a shy, reserved man, who led, from choice, an extremely secluded life. I don't like to ask Grannie, for she never mentions him first.

July 16th.—We have heard of a pair of beautiful bay ponies, that will just suit us; Grannie says she shall be able to drive them herself. They belonged to Lady Singleton at Deerhill: the carriage is to come from London next week: I hope we shall have one or two drives in it before I go to school.

Cousin Henry has decided upon the place to which I am to be sent. It is a Miss Thoroton's at Stockbridge—a very excellent school, he says, where I shall have every opportunity of becoming what he desires to see me! Oh! what does he desire to see me? A paragon, a peri, a nonpareil! My firm belief is, that if I am cultivated for a score of years I shall revert to my natural pleasures and quiet idlenesses the moment the guard is off. I cannot be always thinking of what is proper and fitting to be done.

July 17th.—I have had a long walk with Mrs. Lake, who told me about Uncle Robert. He was Grannie's eldest son, Cousin Henry's father is the second, and Uncle Tom was the youngest; my mother was the youngest of all. Uncle Robert made a low marriage—that is, our family felt it so—and they would not acknowledge his wife, or see him at Burnbank after: only my mother wrote him kind letters. Uncle Robert's wife was very pretty, and Mrs. Lake says, very good, too, and neither ignorant nor vulgar; but Grannie would not forgive him, and his two brothers kept up the estrangement, instead of trying to heal it. Uncle Robert loved her devotedly, but he soon lost her; and when she lay dying, it was my mother (then unmarried, and quite a girl) who visited and nursed her. This explains why he left his property to me, and why Grannie so very much dislikes to speak of him. I am glad I know about it, for mysteries are always in the way.

I am surprised Grannie should have been so harsh, but it often seems as if the best people were the most tyrannical in trying to make others be good and happy exactly after their fashion. Cousin Jane has that way. She says to me often,

"Eleanor, do so and so; I am sure it is the right way, the only right way, and it will befal better than if you followed your own head."

And she will talk and argue until I am fairly beaten down by an avalanche of words. If I am resolved to do as I like, there is nothing for it but running out of hearing, and that I do sometimes.

Then I had some talk with Mrs. Lake about myself, and she bids me turn a deaf ear to all warnings, doubts and promptings, and to go straightforward in my own natural way, just as if the fortune had never come to me; and I will, if I can. There is one good thing at school—there we all are equal, fortunes or no fortunes—no, not all equal! I begin to feel as if I should turn out a fearful dunce, and rather to dread the beginning. I don't know why, but I always feel more awkward in a company of young girls about my own age, than I ever do elsewhere; I think they quizz and make remarks, and then I have such a silly trick of blushing; however, it has to be, and so my courage must bear me through as well as it may.

July 9th.—To-day Grannie and I had our first drive together in the pony carriage; it was so cosy, so charming, and will be such an ease and comfort to Grannie, now that she cannot walk far, but still finds the fresh air necessary to keep her in health. We went round by Deerhill, and the ponies wanted to turn in at the gate. Poor little things! They remembered their old home.

The Singletons are quite ruined, and are gone abroad, we hear. That odious Mary Jane Curling suggested to me that if they had stayed at home, young Sir Edward might have married me—I should have been my lady, and my fortune would have restored Deerhill.

I can scarcely control myself when she begins to show her teeth, roll her eyes, and talk in that way. I should like to beat her, she makes me feel worse than anything or anybody I ever saw. I dislike her present free-and-easy tone far more than her former lofty one. I shall have to encase myself in my unapproachable armor whenever we meet, if we are to remain on civil terms, but I would much rather quarrel with her, and have done with it; it would be naughty, but it would save a world of trouble and hypocrisy.

A man came this morning to plan the conservatory; there is to be a glass door out of the drawing-room into it, and it is to be made on the same principle as Mrs. Lake's. It will be finished when I come home at Christmas.

It was arranged for Cousin Jane to stay at Burnbank with Grannie while I am away. This is very nice; she would have been dull alone, for, though Mary Burton is a good attentive girl, she wants some one to read aloud to her, and to drive or walk out with. Jane is too bustling and active for me—too fussy; but Grannie seems not to mind it, or else she has a way of making her sit still and keep quiet. I had to sew at a sun-bonnet to-day for peace and quietness' sake; but it is not a charitable bonnet, for I did it with the greatest ill-will possible.

July 27th.—Grannie proposed a few days since, that to celebrate my going to school (I saw nothing to rejoice over) we must have a tea-drinking at Burnbank. I said, if we did, it should be a tea-drinking for the children, and anybody else who chose to come without an invitation might come, but I would not have a solemn party for talk, compliments, and scandal.

I managed the affair myself. It was beautiful weather, so the children had tea in the orchard at three o'clock, and the old women had tea, too. Grannie thought we should have it all to ourselves, but I knew better. I told our advertising Post, Miss Briske, that I should be glad to see any of my friends who could dispense with formality; that there would be plenty of strawberries, and other ripe fruit, and tea, coffee, and cakes, at five o'clock for them, but that I did not mean to give anybody anything unless they arrived in time to help amuse the children.

I was sure they would come, if it was only for the novelty, and come they did—all the Curlings, the Prices, Lucy, and Ellen Cooper, the Lawsons, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. and Miss Cranworth, Dr. Rayson and his wife, and a troop of people from the Charltons. John Burton and little Tom had quite enough to do to pick fruit all the afternoon, and every one seemed to enjoy the freedom of walking about the house and grounds, and talking to their friends; indeed, my Strawberry Party, as they called it, gave so much satisfaction that the Prices are to have one next Saturday.

But I must not forget the children, who were my chosen guests. They all arrived in due time, with mug and saucer, and sat down to regale on the tea and spice-buns we had provided; vastly they enjoyed them, too, if we might judge from the consumption that took place. At one time or another, I have taught every child in the school; so not to cause any distinction between past and present pupils, I made each one a little present, and they chose them from the trays as they stand in their classes. My class, we call it the Encouragement Class, because Thompson always sent me the dull and backward, or idle and tiresome children, had the post of honor, and chose first.

There will be plenty of cut fingers in Burnbank for some days to come! For the boys I had provided a number of strong clasp knives, pencil cases and books; for the girls, little cases, with thimble, scissors, and other working-tools; and for the small fry, gaily dressed dolls, squeaking toy sheep, dogs, and cats, &c. Cousin Jane thought it a frightful waste of money, and lecturing me seriously on the folly of giving poor folks' children toys,—"wanton extravagance," she designated it, but I am sure it was pleasant to see how glad the most of them were; it never is possible to satisfy all.

Knives were in great request among the boys, and when they were all gone, and the little fellows came up to choose, some few looked marvellously discontented. Anty Cragga was very hard to pacify. When I said, "Now, Anty, it is your turn; what will you have?" he replied in his native Doric, "I'll ha' a knoife," though all the knives were gone. I told him he must try to be pleased with something else, but still he would only keep on reiterating, "I'll ha' a knoife," so at last I proposed the alternative of sixpence, which, after a little hesitation he condescended to accept. Another boy, Simmy Deane, would only be contented with a Dutch doll dressed in pink glazed calico and white muslin, and Betty, his sister, chose a drum.

When all the presents were distributed, we went upon the green, and the children ran races and played games. Some of the fine folk came out to encourage us with their presence, but the Curlings, and Charltons, and Prices kept quite to themselves. Cousin Jane started the racers, and I gave the prizes. Then we had scrambles for sweeties and halfpence. In everything Anty Cragga was conspicuously unsuccessful. His fat, freckled face and red hair were always panting up at the fag end of each race; and totally eclipsed—flattened on the ground, most likely—in the thickest of every scramble. When beaten in the races, he vociferated defiantly, "I'll run 'em again, I'll run 'em again!" and when he rose empty-handed from the melee over the sweeties, he still cried out, "Gi'e us another chance, Miss Eleanor. I'll ha' some yet."

I could not help laughing, and liking the little fellow who would not give in, though I know he is the most perverse and naughty boy in the school.

When all the sweeties, and halfpence, and toys were gone, the children went, too, gradually dispersing down to Ferny Bank and the shore; then our other company assembled in the house, and the early tea (remarkable innovation on Burnbank customs) took place for those who chose to remain. A few, who dine at half-past six and seven o'clock, departed, after expressing regret that they had had so little of my company. I believe a great many people—all, perhaps, except Mrs. Lake and the Lawsons—took away an impression that Miss Eleanor Clare has a taste for low company. Mary Jane Curling said they were surprised I had not chosen to give a dance! As if I cared for a dance in this hot weather! And where were the partners to come from, if I had? I like the children's parties the best yet, whatever I may do by-and-by. I will give a dance, maybe, when I leave school, or when I am of age.

Dr. Rayson was very much gratified; he likes the poor things to be pleased, and says it does them good, and I would rather he thought me right than all the Curlings, Charltons, and Prices put together. I do not value their opinion at all.

I am not quite sure whether Grannie likes me to act as I do—I have doubts. She said to me, when I remarked about my indifference to what people think: "There is no need to be so violently independent, Eleanor; you will become harsh and brusque in manner if you live in such a defiant frame of mind as you have adopted lately."

Can it be true that I am (notwithstanding my indifference to its possession) actually deteriorating since this fortune befel me? I believe I am. I have thoughts I never had before. It is true, six months ago, I was shy of these fine folks whom I care nothing about now; and I know that it is because they think more of me on account of my money that the change has come. It will be a very good thing for me to be sent off to school, where I shall have something to do to keep my head steady. I believe I could have borne a good strong shock of adversity a great deal better than I am bearing my prosperity. Now I should hate myself if I became what I so particularly detest, a strong-minded, disagreeable woman—and there seems a danger of it.

July 29th.—I am not a crying body generally, but last night, after I got to bed, I had a thorough good cry, and feel all the better for it now it is over. Cousin Jane said to me: "Eleanor, you are quite spoilt; I never saw such a conceited, dogmatical puss as you are turning into in all my life! And you used to be a simple-minded girl enough once."

I cannot express how intense my mortification was, but I contrived to keep it still until I got to bed, and then I did cry. I was all the more vexed, because Cousin Jane was so right in what she said. I am becoming odious, know I am. All the while that I have been trying to persuade myself that I cared nothing about my money, I have been puffing myself up into a very balloon of arrogance. How should have ridiculed anybody else, if they had done so; and I daresay people are laughing at me! And if they are, I deserve it! They will be some good in going away from Burnbank, after all. At Miss Thoroton's, no one knows I am an heiress, no one will be constantly calling the fact to my mind therefore, by remarks and insinuations. I shall have to wait on myself, and work hard, too. I am going on the first of August; Grannie is to take me. I wonder what it will all be like?

☞ A late religious writer stigmatizes the authors of the yellow-covered novels, as "literary scorpions who sting virtue to death with their tales."

☞ Shall our gracious God watch over through the heat and burden of the day, shall we devour the food which he provides us at night, with hands we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised him.

☞ "You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

☞ DOWN EAST LYCEUM.—Question for discussion: Can a big man *ache* harder than a little man?

☞ One of the safest places during a der-storm is a railroad train in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

☞ It is a common trick of one of the principal conjurers to make his wife suddenly disappear before the eyes of the spectators. could teach to other husbands this trick of king wives vanish, he would have a fair ope for a fortune.

☞ A plain-spoken woman lately visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do yo contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" sa the other, staring, "don't you know I have housework to do?" "Yes, I see you ha to do; but as it is never done I conclude must have some other way of passing time."

WHAT folly the young man of fashion displays,
To what childish pursuits he is willing to stoop
From morning till evening he finds now-a days,
No better amusement than *chasing a hoop*.

☞ Let a woman be decked with all the e bellishments of art and nature, yet, if boldn be read in her face, it blots out all the lines beauty.

☞ It is suggested that Martin Farqu Tupper's last sonnet on the Atlantic cable the real cause of the break. Nothing on could stand such a *strain* as that!

NEWS ITEMS.

THE RELIEF TO THE SURVIVORS.—Norfolk and Portsmouth have contributed three thousand dollars to the relief of the survivors of the Central America who need it, and in New York there has been twelve thousand dollars raised. This is very fair, considering the times.

A NOVELTY IN BRICKMAKING.—Among the new machines lately exhibited at the Highland Agricultural Society's Show, was one for the novel purpose of making bricks and tiles from common earth by pressure. The patentee, Mr. G. T. P. Arthur, has spent many years and much capital in bringing it to perfection, and he undertakes, with the greatest facility, to make bricks or tiles from any description of earth, without any previous preparation, and in any weather.—*English Paper.*

NEW STEAM PLOUGH.—A young man named Austin, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, has invented a new steam plough. The machine sends out two ploughshares, of the ordinary form, on each side, moving forward as the furrows are turned up, and capable of wheeling round at the end of the field. It is calculated to plough from three to six acres per day with a man and boy, and to consume from four to eight cwt. of coal, according to the power of the engine.

LAKE FUCINO.—The latest report is, that the drainage is going on well, though the works cost much more than what was anticipated. The oak centres, for turning the arches in the times of the Romans, have been found hard and black, and some have been turned into a variety of articles, as tables and sticks. No objects of antiquity have been found besides a few coins.

A SORT OF dry rot is ravaging the potato crop in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The marketmen are complaining grievously that upon digging beneath the plentiful vines, they find a very meagre quantity of tubers, a large proportion of which are unfit for food. The yield of apples is also poor. We hope that these unpromising symptoms have not appeared in other quarters.

SCHOOLMASTER MOBBED.—Mr. Coleman, a teacher in one of the Memphis city schools, was, recently actually booted, stoned, and brickbatted out of the enclosure by his scholars. The cause of the difficulty was the introduction of a cowhide, and the severe punishment by him of one of his pupils.

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE.—Two examples in the rise of real estate in New York, indicate how fortunes are made there. The property of Messrs. Appleton, on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Streets, for which they gave only $110,000, a few years since, is now valued at $910,000. Fifth Avenue and Madison Square lots, which twelve years ago were worth only $3,000, are now held at $30,000 and more, and rarely offered.

SATTHERWAITE'S CIRCULAR says the panic in New York caused much anxiety in England, and that the severe fall brought forward many buyers, at low rates, for Illinois shares. There was a good demand for New York Central, Reading, Erie, and Michigan Southern stocks. The Bank of France returns show an immense increase of bullion.

THE official account of the French harvest exceeded the general expectation of the yield.

A SOUTHERN CORNFIELD.—Mr. Daniel S. Morrison was recently lost in an immense cornfield in Hot Spring County, Arkansas, and wandered about for three days trying to find his way out. He was found on the fourth day by his negroes, who went out to search for him.

MR. MACAULAY has, it is said, given up the idea of continuing his "History of England down to a period within the memory of living men," as at first announced, and will conclude it with the death of Queen Anne.

THE other day a lady caught a large trout, who had just swallowed another trout weighing some four ounces. Upon opening the little trout, it was found that he, in his turn, had swallowed ten minnows.

THE tallest man in our army is a Georgian, standing 6 feet 6 1-3 inches.

HOW SHE WILL DRESS.—The Princess Royal, of England, is to be married in a dress of Honiton lace, as her august mother was before her, costing one hundred and fifty pounds. Its pattern is composed of the national emblems, the rose, thistle and shamrock. Another of the same quality is making for the bridesmaid, the pattern of which is lilies of the valley.

A COACHMAN of one of the wealthy and aristocratic families of aristocratic Boston, taking pattern of John Dean, Esq., eloped recently with his master's daughter, an "accomplished and handsome" young lady, and finding a clergyman willing to do up any sort of a marriage for a fee, the parties were united in the "holy bonds of hemlock," as George Christy says. But unlike Mr. Roker, the Boston father did not pursue his renegade daughter or make any fuss at all, but simply said, "Let her go—she is discarded, now and forever."

HERE is an incident of the ever-recurring inundations in France:—A letter from a naturalist residing in Aigues Mortes, near the mouth of the Rhone, states that during the inundations, he and many others had seen, on the banks of sand in the middle of the waters near that place, numerous wild bulls, horses, foxes, polecats, rabbits, rats, and a great number of snakes, with other animals usually hostile to each other, congregated together without doing each other any harm. A man who had taken refuge in a tree found it impossible to prevent several snakes from making themselves a shelter under his clothes.

ALAN POLLOCK, Esq.—The farm now cultivated by this gentleman in the West of Ireland consists of 20,000 acres. There are at present under turnips, 2,000 acres; oats, 3,000; wheat, 1,200; potatoes, 400. He has 1,000 head of cattle for stall feeding, 100 working horses, and pays £4,000 monthly in wages.—There have been erected on it 60 miles of stone wall fences.—*Saunders's News Letter.*

SWANS are found to be exceedingly useful in clearing of weeds the pools and streams in which they are kept. A pair on the short arm of a stream extending from the Witham into the premises of Messrs. Clayton, Shuttleworth & Co., have completely cleared out every bit of weed which grew there in rank luxuriance. The hope, therefore, may be confidently entertained that the three swans in Brayford will be the means of preserving that fine sheet of water from being disfigured in future.—*Stamford Mercury.*

NOTHING TO WEAR.—There is a married lady up town (says the New York Day Book), who enjoys the luxury of no less than one hundred and twenty dresses, twenty-nine of which are mourning dresses. Are there many wives who sport so extensive a wardrobe as this? It is not quite equal to the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have had not less than three thousand "gowns," as our grandmothers used to say.

WANTED A DISCOUNT.—Some waggish gentleman last week sent to one of the banks a promissory note for discount. The note promised to pay the sum of five dollars at thirty days. The entire back of the document was covered with first class endorsements, and to leave no means unemployed to "get it through," a ten dollar bill was pinned to it as collateral. Whether the bank did the paper or not it is not told.

THE Austrian army is commanded by 15,461 officers. Under the command of the Emperor, as Generalissimo, are 21 Arch-Dukes, 5 Dukes, 50 Princes, 595 Counts, 900 Barons, 578 Knights, 2,700 petty nobles, and 10,200 plebeians.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Tribune says, that being in Rock County, in this State, one day last week, he "went up to the top of a hill called Mount Zion, six miles from Janesville, and counted on the surrounding plain one hundred and fifty-four horse-power reaping machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were one thousand men, women and boys following after, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing, to behold the grain falling and being gathered up at the rate of 200 acres per hour.

THE SUPPLY OF SUGAR IN FRANCE.—Mr. Walsh, in his Paris letter, says sugar is falling; the beet root factories will supply this year 240,000,000 pounds. The Isle of Reunion (Bourbon) will produce 120,000,000; the French West Ind es will probably send 100,000,000; altogether the supply will exceed the demand in France.

RETURNING TO IRELAND.—A correspondent of the Boston Post, noticing the contemplated closing of the factories at Lowell, Mass., says that during the last month more than seven hundred of the Irish population have purchased return tickets to Liverpool, attracted by the improved and improving state of agricultural interests in the Emerald Isle.

A PANIC existed in commercial circles in Paris, at the last accounts. The *Credit Mobilier* was in bad odor, and everybody was deserting it in alarm. It has become embarrassed by the Thurneyssen bankruptcy. Later accounts say things are more quiet.

EVERY officer connected with the late official Exploring Expedition of Com. Paulding is said to be decidedly of opinion that an Interoceanic ship canal from Aspinwall to Panama is entirely practicable, the distance being shorter, and fewer obstacles intervening, than between any other points on the Isthmus.

PHILADELPHIA SUSPENSIONS.—It may serve to show the severity of the monetary storm, to those of our country readers who are accustomed to do business with merchants in this city, when we quote the following list of firms that have suspended in this city, as we find them in New York papers:—

Caleb Cope & Co., "Dry Goods," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities heavy.

Aaron S. Lippincott, "Dry Goods," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities heavy.

Hoskins, Heikell & Co., "Dry Goods," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities large.

Tennent, Derrickson & Co., "Dry Goods," Philadelphia, suspended.

John Farnum & Co., "Commission," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities large.

Hacker, Lee & Co., Philadelphia, suspended.

Deal, Mulligan & Huey, "Dry Goods," Philadelphia, suspended.

T. P. Remington, Philadelphia, suspended.

Robert Patterson & Co., "Cotton and Sugar," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities large.

Bennett Hughes & Co., "Commission," Philadelphia, suspended.

R. Garsed & Bro., "Cotton," Philadelphia, suspended.

Charles Hallowell & Co., "Hats," Philadelphia, suspended.

James P. Parot & Bro., "Flour and Grain," Philadelphia, suspended.

J. W. Stitt & Co., "Wool," Philadelphia, suspended; liabilities said about $250,000.

John Briggs & Co., "Calico Printers," Philadelphia, suspended.

Reeves, Buck & Co., and Reeves, Abbott & Co., "Railroad Iron," Philadelphia, reported suspended; we learn have obtained an extension, and will resume business.

Walters & Stackhouse, "Straw Goods," Philadelphia, suspended.

S. P. Wiltbank, "Straw Goods," Philadelphia, suspended.

S. Brock, Jr., "Notions," Philadelphia, suspended.

John Drake, "Shoes," Philadelphia, suspended.

John L. Pomeroy, "Oils," Philadelphia, suspended.

Longmire & Brooke, Philadelphia, suspended.

T. K. Collins, Philadelphia, suspended.

Levy & Co., "Silk," Chestnut street, suspended.

Smith, Murphy & Co., "Dry Goods," suspended.

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—We learn of a contract made yesterday in this city for 2,000 barrels of flour, at $4,50, to be delivered in the month of October. The purchase itself is not a matter of much consequence, but the connections of the purchaser are such as lead to the supposition that it is for foreign account; and it indicates the beginning of a foreign demand, and confidence in an advance of prices.—*Evansville (Ind.) Journal.*

A late Bloomington, Illinois, paper says:—"Wheat declined to fifty cents per bushel in this market, Thursday. The main cause of the rapid decline is, that in the present unsettled state of affairs east, the Chicago bankers refuse to discount the drafts of produce dealers, (or of anybody else, in fact,) many of whom are therefore unable to continue buying. At present rates, we presume farmers will generally withhold their grain from market."

The Chicago market is rather inactive, though without change of prices in produce from previous reports. Money still very stringent. Spring wheat is 80 cents in store. Three cargoes (47,000 bushels) sold for immediate delivery at 83 cents on board. The market firm at these rates. Corn inactive. Lots were sold at 60 cents on board of the boats. In Buffalo flour is $5 for fair Michigan, and Ohio $6,75 double extra.

THE HYDROSTATIC PROPELLER.—This novelty, in the shape of a common-sized wherry, lately came into Portsmouth Harbor, England. It is propelled by one of the common screws, but by the power of water instead of steam. The inventor and patentee, Mr. Stephens, of Southampton, has thus brought into use as a motive power that cheap element, water. In addition to this Mr. Stephens has succeeded in bringing the controlling power of the engine directly under the management of the man at the helm, and then no engineer is required. In a second, at will, the man at the helm can go ahead, back her, or stop the engine. Tais is all-important in time of collision. Another great desideratum is that the screw will work faster than the ship's way, thus showing that there can be no drag through the water, supposing the ship to be under canvass. A boy only is required to work the engine, which may be termed a donkey engine, hitherto employed to pump out water, but now to pump in a supply to propel the vessel in lieu of steam.

MARRIAGE OF A POET.—James Russell Lowell, Esq., was married at Portland, a few days ago, to Miss Frances Dunlap, a niece of Governor Dunlap, of Portland. The ceremonies took place at St. John's church, the impressive bridal service of the Episcopal Church being performed by the Rev. Mr. Burgess, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Lowell, brother of the bridegroom. The church was crowded with the beauty, wealth and fashion of Portland. Among the bridal coterie were a number of literary gentlemen of Boston and Cambridge. The bride was exquisitely attired. She was given away by her uncle, Gov. Dunlap. As the newly married couple left the altar, "Hail Smiling Morn" was effectively performed as a voluntary on the organ. Altogether it is said to be the most brilliant wedding that has taken place in Portland for many years. After a reception at the residence of the bride's mother, the party took the cars for Rye Beach, where they are to pass a few days.—*Boston Bee.*

SACRIFICING A FINGER TO SAVE A LIFE.—One day last week, says the Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald of April 29, Mr. Hawthorne, Jr., of Singleton, was out riding in the bush, when seeing a kangaroo rat, he chased it, until at last the animal took refuge in the hollow limb of a tree. He immediately thrust his hand into the hole to catch it, but as quickly pulled it out, as something had hit his finger. Upon looking at his hand, he saw a death adder clinging to his finger. No time was to be lost, and Mr Hawthorn, with the utmost coolness and fortitude, immediately took his penknife and cut his finger off. We learn that no serious consequence beyond the loss of the finger has resulted from the bite.

SINGULAR FACT.—In the evidence of the defence of Madeleine Smith, is the circumstance that an employee of Blackwood was brought forward to prove that on a certain date an article appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, on the use of poisons and cosmetics, and that the demand for the number containing this article was immense. It was deposed that 16,000 copies of it had positively been sold! It was also proved that some papers on arsenic, in Chambers' Journal, were received with equal popularity. What facts for the satirist, and the social reformer! What a taste for poison, by vanity-stricken fools! What a charge against the press of popular imbecilities!

SOMETHING TO DO.—In Bangor, Mr. Almon Peabody complained that he had "nothing to do." He offered to do anything for *quid pro quo*. A gentleman took him at his offer, and hired him at one dollar a day for three days, to march from Granite Block, in East Market Square, to Dodge's Hotel, in regimentals, with which he was furnished, and may be seen, says the News, performing his task, with plume waving and gun at shoulder arms. It is in the bargain that he shall have the privilege of "waiting his whistle" at the town pump, but must not imbibe any fluid of superior strength.

GUESSING IN ALABAMA.—The Mobile (Alabama) Tribune, some months ago, offered a prize of a silver service, worth $300, to the person making the best guess as the amount of the cotton crop of 1856-7. There were 74 guesses, ranging from 2,000,995 to 3,219,000 bales, and the service was won by Mr. Wm. B. Hamilton, of Mobile, whose guess of 2,939,537, was the nearest, and within 22 bales of the true amount—2,939,515. A Connecticut Yankee could hardly improve upon that guess, we guess.

FOLLOWING SUIT.—The Banks at Pittsburg, and through the State of Pennsylvania generally, and the Baltimore Banks, also suspended specie payment when they heard of the suspension of the Philadelphia Banks. The New York Banks, it is stated, do not mean to suspend.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market has been extremely quiet during the past week. The advices from Europe have been favorable, but there has been very little export demand, and only 4000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,50@5,75 @ bbl for superfine, and $5,75@6,25 for extra, at which figure it is freely offered. There has been a steady demand for home consumption within the range of the same quotations for common and extra brands, and $6,50@6,75 for extra family and fancy brands. There has been but little inquiry for either Rye Flour or Corn Meal. Sales of 200 bbls of the former at $4,37½ @ bbl. The latter is dull at $4.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat continue small, both by railroad and water, but the demand has been limited, and prices remain without change. Sales of 37,000 bushels Southern, Penna and Western at $1,31@1,35 @ bush for ordinary and prime red, and $1,37@1,45 for white; 2000 bushels Rye sold at 75c. Corn is in fair demand, but there is not much offering. Sales of 8000 bush Yellow at the afloat and in store, and some demand at 74@76c. Oats have been in moderate request, and about 10,000 bush Southern sold at 34@37c @ bushel. A sale of 400 bush new Barley Malt at $1,40 @ bush.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks continue extremely small, and there is very little doing in any description. Sales of Mess Pork at $20,37½, and Prime at $21,50 @ bbl, cash and short time. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly, for ship stores at our quotations. Bacon—There is very little offering, and but little demand for it. Small sales of Hams at 14@15c; Sides at 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c, cash and on time. The stocks of Lard Meats are entirely exhausted, and there has been nothing doing. Prices are nominal. Lard comes in slowly, and there is but little here. Small sales of barrels at 16c, and kegs at 17c @ lb, cash. Butter continues dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 lbs solid packed at 14@15c @ lb. Prices of Eggs and Cheese continue as last quoted.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark continue small, and the stock is light. Sales of 40 bbls No 1 at $40 @ ton. Tanners' Bark is selling at our former quotations.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of Yellow at 24@25c @ lb, cash.

CANDLES—But little doing in any description. Small sales of City manufactured Adamantine at 20@22c @ lb, 4 months.

COAL.—The recent decline in the rates of freight to Eastern ports has caused more inquiry, and rather more firmness in prices. The receipts are moderate, both by railroad and canal. Cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,75@4,25 @ ton, and Red Ash at $3,50@4,15 free on board. In Bituminous Coal there have been no transactions.

COPPER—Continues dull and little or nothing has been done in either English Sheathing Copper or Yellow Metal.

COFFEE—The market is firm, but the demand has been quite limited, and only a few hundred bags Rio have been disposed of at 11½@11¾c, and Laguayra at 13c @ lb, on time.

COTTON—The inactivity noticed in our last report still continues. 300 bales have been disposed of, at 12½@12¾c @ lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—But little doing. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3@3½c; Bleaching Powders at 3c; a cargo of Jamaica Logwood on terms kept private; some Oil of Lemon at $2,12, 6 months, and Cream Tartar at 24@25c @ lb.

FEATHERS—Are in steady demand, but there are very few offering. Small sales of good Western at 30@32c @ lb.

FISH—Mackerel are coming forward freely, and the tendency of prices is downward. The only transactions are in a small way, from store, at $14,75 @ barrel for medium No. 1's, which is a decline of 25c, $12,75 for No. 2's, and $9 for No. 3's. But few large Nos. 1 and 2 offering. No. 3's are held at $9,50; Pickled Herring are held at $4@4,50, and Codfish at $4½. 2000 boxes No. 1 Herring sold on private terms.

FRUIT—There is very little foreign of any description here. Small sales of Lemons at $3@$4 box. Green Apples and Peaches are abundant selling freely from $1 to $3 @ bbl for the former and 25c to $2½ @ basket for the latter.

GINSENG—There has been no inquiry for either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—The demand is increasing, but prices have undergone no change.

HEMP—Continues exceedingly quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are more inquired after. A sale of 3000 Porto Cabello was made on terms kept private.

HOPS—The demand continues quite limited at 31@32c @ lb for new crop Eastern. Old crop are not wanted.

INDIGO—Is held very firmly, and the stock is very much reduced. Small sales of Bengal at $1,40 @ lb, 6 months.

IRON—There has been comparatively nothing done in any description of Pig Metal, but holders are demanding former quotations. Prices of Scotch Pig are entirely nominal. No change in Bar or Hoop Iron.

LEAD—Nothing doing. The last sale of Spanish was at 6½@6¾c @ lb, on time.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for prime Spanish and Slaughter, with but little offering.

LUMBER—The supplies as well as the demand has fallen off, but prices remain without any essential change. One cargo of Laths sold at $1,25 @ M.

MOLASSES—Continues extremely dull, and prices are nominal for all descriptions, except Sugar House, which is sold at 45c @ gallon. Sales of 15c @ gallon.

NAVAL STORES—The very reduced stocks of all descriptions continue to materially restrict operations. Sales of 500 bbls Common Rosin at $1,80 @ bbl, and Fine at $3@3,50. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. A sale of the former at $1,87½. Spirits of Turpentine meets a limited inquiry, but prices are lower. Small sales at 47c, cash, and 49@50c, 4 months. A sale of 400 bbls was made on private terms.

OILS—There is a firmer feeling in Fish Oils, with a steady inquiry. Sales of Crude Whale at 38@38c, 4 mos. There is a fair demand for Linseed Oil at 75@77c, cash, in casks and bbls. The stock of Lard Oil is very much reduced, and No 1 Winter is held firmly at $1,18@1,20, 4 mos. Red Oil continues scarce, and is firm at our last quotations. Olive Oil is unchanged.

PLASTER—Continues dull. An invoice of Soft sold at $2,75 @ ton.

SALTPETRE—The demand continues limited. Small sales at 8½@8¾c @ lb.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An import of 4500 sacks Liverpool Ground, and 1500 sacks Fine, has arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed coming forward, and prime lots are wanted at $7,25 @ 64 lbs. Timothy is selling in lots at $3@3,25 @ bus, as in quality. A small lot of Flaxseed brought $1,80.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant, without change in prices.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy are a shade lower, and the demand has been limited. N E Rum sells slowly at 52@54c. Whiskey has been in fair request, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of bbls at 28@28½; hhds at 24@25c, and Drudge at 23@24c.

SUGAR—The market continues extremely dull, there being no disposition manifested to operate in the present unsettled state of monetary affairs. Small sales of Cuba at 9¾@9¾c @ lb, on time. The Refiners have reduced their rates ¼c @ lb.

The following are the rates—Crushed 11½@11¾c @ lb; Coarse Pulverized, 11½; Pulverized 11½; Double Loaf, 12c; all for cash.

TALLOW—Is unchanged. Sales of Country and City Rendered at 11@12c @ lb, cash.

TEAS—Are held firmly, but the demand has fallen off.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there has been very little doing.

WINES—Nothing doing worthy of notice.

WOOL—There has been very little doing. Buyers have mostly withdrawn from the market, and the dealers are unwilling to sell to any extent in the present unsettled state of monetary affairs. Sales of 80,000 lbs at 42@45c @ lb, 6 months.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, @ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp @ lb	8 @10
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@13	Spring Lamb, whole	@5,00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 @10	Fore quarter @ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	65 @75	Hind do	11
Ox, each,	31½@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 @ —	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 @12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver @ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef @ lb	18 @20	Young Pigs	@1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, @ set	31½@ 31
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, @ lb	4 @ 6
Chop @ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 1
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	12½@ 14
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 10
VEGETABLES			
Turnips bkt	12 @18	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 60
do half pk	12½@ 16	do bkt	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 6	do half pk	14 @ 16
Cabbage bbl	87½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	3
Salad head	1 @ 3	Tomat's per half peck	6 @ 9
S't Pota'es @ bus	$1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do @ lb	6 @ 8	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10
FRUIT.			
Apples @ bbl	50@2 00	Blackberries	8 @10
do half pk	12½@ 25	Whortleberries	6 @12½
Cranberries qt	6 @ 8	Apricots @ doz	25 @ —
Watermelons	6½@25	Peaches @ basket	@1 50 @ —
Canteloupes	6 @12	do half pk	12 @37½
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens @ pair	31 @ 37	Sqh Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31½
Chickens @ pair	37 @1 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds @ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	37½@50	Snipe, sand,	37½
SHELLFISH.			
Terrapin Southids	4 @ 5 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	6 00@ 9 00	@ bkt	62 @ 80
Lobsters @	8 @ 10	do @ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams @	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove @	3 00 @3 00
Soft Shell Crabs	1 50 @2 00	N Y do @ bbl	10 00 @16 00
FISH.			
Halibut @ lb	10 @12	Perch bunch	6½@18½
Bass	8 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12½
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad @ lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	6 @12½	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Sm'k'd Herring bunch	25 @ 43
Rock	8 @12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	25 @ —
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter @ lb	28 @35	Honey @ lb	20 @25
Roll do	18 @20	Sinnamon cake	5
Eggs doz	18 @19		

☞ Tacitus says that early marriages make us immortal—that they are the soul and chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destruction to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against Heaven and earth.

THE names and number of the passengers by the Central America will not be known *until the return of the California steamer after the arrival out* of the intelligence of the disaster, which will be in something over two months.

AN EXAMPLE.—Mr. James Ward, who owns a large number of tenant houses in Chicago, has, in view of the hard times, visited all his tenants and reduced their rents twenty per cent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, PEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 21 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
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J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—Each successive day brings new evidence of its efficacy, until its present position is the enviable one of being far in advance of all preparations ever offered for the cure of Dyspepsia and Asthma.

IF YOU ARE SICK, the probability is that the root of your sufferings is in the stomach. From a weak stomach proceed dyspepsia, languor, oppression in the diaphragm, jaundice, headache, nausea, bodily weakness, dizziness of sight, heartburn, costiveness, dysentery and a legion of other terminating diseases. Indigestion produces thin blood, and therefore destroys the strength and vigor of the system. To restore the tone of the stomach, and enable it to throw off and dismiss forever all those terminating and dangerous complaints, nothing is necessary but a perseverance in the use of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. There is no mistake, no failure in their penitentiary effects.

For sale by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, 186 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In South Bend, Ind., on Monday, Sept. 14, 9, A. M., by the Rev. E. Bardsall, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Mr. HENRY G. NILES, of Michawaka, to Miss MARTHA SPENCER, only daughter of A. E. Draper, of the St. Joseph County Forum.

On the 23d ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH GARDNER ABBOTT, of N. J. to MARTHA R. ELLIS, of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JAMES MCNEILL, to Miss ELIZABETH STEEL, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN SEXTON, to Miss MARY THOMAS.

On the 23d of July, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JONATHAN H. WATERS, to Miss MARY A. FRAMBES, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Edward C. Jones, Mr. JOHN SCOTT, to Miss JANE CARSON.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM CUELL, to Mrs. MARY LINDSAY, both of this city.

On the 31 ultimo, by the Rev. D. R. Chenoy, Mr. FREDERICK ROOT, to Miss SALLIE A. KLINE, daughter of the late Benj. Kline, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN H. LEVERING, of Lower Merion, to Miss CAROLINE MCLENAGHAN, of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, Mr. HIRAM L. CHESTER, to RHODA BLOOD, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Dutborow, Mr. CHARLES W. CARR, of Baltimore, to Miss MARGARET R. TODD, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

In Blairsville, Indiana county, Pa. on Friday, Aug. 7th, 1857, after a lingering illness, Miss SUSAN FRIZEL, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 8th of Sept. at the residence of Mr. John Miner, Miss LUCINDA F. AUSTIN, aged 15 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY A. BOCKIUS, daughter of the late Wm. Beckius.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. EUGENIA T. GREEN, aged 60.

On the 20th ultimo, Rev. ISAAC WORRELL, aged 67.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. JOHN GLADNEY, aged 35 years.

On the 20th ultimo, HUGH MCCAULEY, aged 63 years.

On the 20th ultimo, HARRIET ANN, daughter of Henry J. and Sarah Fouge ay, aged 21 years.

On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM HENRY, son of Catherine and the late Jas. B. Hoffner, aged 18 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Miss CATHARINE F. GIBSON, aged 22 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA GELAGER, aged 83.

On the 21st ultimo, SARAH W. wife of Saml. Smith, aged 41 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MATILDA E. LEE.

On the 23d ultimo, ISABELLA PARE, aged 55 years.

On the 21st ultimo, REBECCA HAY, daughter of William Harvey.

On the 19th ultimo, CHARLES G. CAMM, aged 29 years.

On the 18th ultimo, JAMES DAVIS, aged 36 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL MILLER, aged 32 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE REILY, aged 80.

On the 19th ultimo, Capt. JOHN VANDYKE, aged 70 years.

On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM WRAY, aged 80 years.

On the 19th ultimo, PETER LATEN, aged 39 years.

On the 18th ultimo, FREDERICK SORBER, aged 64 years.

On the 18th ultimo, MARIA ROBER, aged 57 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY PLUNKETT, aged 52.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY CONWAY, aged 68 years.

HOW TO GET RICH.—Professor OLIVERE'S new BOOK OF WONDERS, 100 pages, gives 150 different and sure ways. Can be practiced at home and in secret by old or young, male or female. Also, how to be handsome, healthy and successful in love. Price 25 cents. Sent anywhere by mail. Address Prof. P. B. OLIVERE, New York Post Office. 1t

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AT HALF PRICE,
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Orders by mail attended to. sep26-4t

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All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

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OF
HATS, CAPS AND FURS,
ON SATURDAY, AUG. 29th.
In addition to our usual FALL STYLES, we will introduce the last THREE DOLLAR HAT ever sold.
CHARLES OAKFORD & SON,
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sep19-tf

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WANTED—300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A salary of $100 per month. A capital of only $5 required. Full particulars given to all who inclose a stamp and address UNION AGENCY, Pascodale, R. I. sep5-3m

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sep19-tf BOX 166 P. O., *Philadelphia.*

SAVING FUND—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, has over ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest *Five Per Cent.* Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sep19-26t

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MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS
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A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PHILLIPS,

Wit and Humor.

CATECHISING JEFFREY, THE REVIEWER.—From a late number of Frazer's Magazine, we copy the following anecdote of Lord Jeffrey:—

I was amused by a story I heard of a simple-minded country parson, whose parish lay upon the Frith of Clyde, and so became gradually overspread with fashionable villas, to which families from Edinburgh and Glasgow resorted in summer and autumn. This worthy man persisted in exercising the same spiritual jurisdiction over these new comers, which he had been wont to exercise over his rustic parishioners before their arrival. And in particular, in his pastoral visitations, he insisted on examining the lady and gentlemen of the house in the "Shorter Catechism," in the presence of their children and servants. It happened one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, came to spend the long vacation in the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival, the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechising" in the district which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffroy's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done; for almost all Scotch clergymen, though the catechising process has become absolute, still visit each house in the parish once a year, and collect the family to listen to a fireside lecture. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation, when the entire household being assembled in the drawing-room, the worthy minister said in a solemn voice, "My lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then, 'What is effectual calling?'"

Never was an Edinburgh reviewer more thoroughly nonplussed. After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror at the thought that a judge should not know his catechism, his lordship recovered speech, and answered the question in terms which completely dumbfounded the minister—

"Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually, when he *performs* them with ability and success."

A THEATRICAL CONTRETEMPS.—A melo-drama was some few years since played in a certain theatre, the chief actor in which had made himself, by his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by one and all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tombs of his ancestors. In the centre of the stage, upon a marble pedestal, stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure.—Enter Albert—"Once again," he says, "to gaze upon those features which in life so often gazed upon me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent." Off went the drapery, and behold! the father *stood upon his head!* The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the *mistake* of the scenesman effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quick as possible, amid the bravos of the audience, the anger of the manager, and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.

WHAT A JOKE!—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron Von *Seidlitz Powderlz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, no baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course, a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess Von *Epzom Saltz*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.—*Thomas Raikes' Journal.*

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliott, an incorrigible wag, who was not noted for any particular zeal and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this caused him an occasional *jeu d'esprit* with the dry professor of conics. On one occasion the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied,

"I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the Government to ascertain it, what would you do?"

"I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

MUSICAL APHORISMS.—The science of getting on well with a woman is like violin-playing. It depends principally on the Beau-ing.

A mad bull close behind one is suggestive of a very disagreeable passage for two Horns.

It is natural for a sensible man to be impatient of a fool's conversation, and in a snobbish company, when one wishes to say something, as in playing high notes on the violincello, one is very liable to stop a little Flat—that is, if a little Flat happens to be talking.

One may Be a fool without being able to See it, for to C is always one step higher than to B.

A Woman's heart-strings are like Guitar-strings. The Frets always wear them out, sooner or later, and when once broken, they jar forever after.

"WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO."—Judge Burke, who came from Ireland, and was something of a man in South Carolina about the time of the revolutionary war, was very apt to make mistakes even in his office of Circuit Judge. On one occasion, having to pass sentence of death on a man who had been legally convicted, he concluded as usual with the words, "that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead;" to this he unfortunately added, "I am sorry for it, my friend; it is what we must all come to"—and the solemnity of the scene was interrupted by a burst of laughter, at which the Judge was the only one surprised.

NEW TRIBES OF INDIANS.—The following anecdote is told of the dissipated and rude Lord Barrymore:—He had a famous song, the chorus of which was "Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low," well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribe of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old general unawares upon this his favorite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began: "What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?" The old general, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded, with much seeming interest, to inquire, "What were the Cherry Cnows?" These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this, Barrymore, throwing off the mask, burst into a loud horse-laugh, and said to the astonished general with an oath, "And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?" There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, "My lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as yourself." And leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again.

BARGAINING FOR A HORSE.—An uncle of mine, sir, in the State of Maine, was onst going to buy a hoss, but before he invested dollars he up eyeglass and took a longitudinal and back settlement survey of that same four-legged flesh and blood stool. Hoss was a bad hoss all over, and my uncle (who was raised droadful bright), was not to be curded out of shin plasters for nothin', nohow. Sez he to the dealer, sez he, "Why, that 'ar hoss got a tarnation raw on his near shoulder." "That's blood," sez the dealer. "He's as thin as the livin' skeleton that died down Chicago ways," sez my uncle. "That's bone," sez the dealer. "He's cast a shoe," sez my uncle, getting riled. "I reckon, stranger, that's mettle," sez the dealer, quite composed. Just then the onsufferable creetur opened his mouth, just like an alligator might du if he was riled by an ongentleel remark of a loafer, and he snaks uncle's arm and bites like maybugs. "Confound the darned hoss," cried my uncle, "he's a bitin' me." "That's his playfulness," sez the dealer.

INGENIOUS TORTURE.—Punch says: "The Chinese have invented a new species of Torture. They fasten round the neck of a malefactor, the 'all-round collar,' such as is worn by swells and fashionables in England. They then take the malefactor out to some public place, and make him promenade up and down for several hours at a stretch. The effect is not only painful, but extremely ridiculous, and, inasmuch as the poor fellow cannot move his head either to the right or the left, the infliction excites the risibility of the populace to such a degree that it is as much as the unfortunate victim can do to submit patiently to the sarcasms of the mob without resenting them. Criminals dread this form of punishment a thousand times worse than the ordinary pillory, or the wicker cage, or the huge wooden collar that is usually suspended over the shoulders of offenders that are exposed in public. It is called the 'English Torture,' and causes a shudder every time it is exhibited."

ONE OF SHERIDAN'S JOKES.—Major Brereton had obtained great celebrity by his constant devotion to gambling. Sheridan, who had often seen him, meeting him again after a long absence, said to him, "How are you, Major? How have you been going on of late?" "I have had a great misfortune," replied the Major, "since we met. I have lost Mrs. Brereton." "Aye," said the wit, "how did you lose her—at hazard or at quince?"

BLIND STREET BEGGARS.—There are at least 100 blind men and women getting their living in London, and 500 more in the provinces. The blind people like music, and as they can get their living in no other way, they seek it by music. They prefer being blind, and when it was possible to restore one man to sight, he said to the surgeon, "Would you ruin me?" The blind men always married blind women, saying they did not like "seeing women." They urged that if "seeing men" had a hard matter to look after "seeing women," what would the blind men do? [Roars of laughter.] They were very happy and comfortable at home. The wives love their husbands, and both love their children, for they said, "our children lead us about, and our affliction makes them love us the more."—*Henry Mayhew's Lecture on London Street Life.*

UNCLE TOBY'S VIEW OF THE MATTER.—Is the common use of tobacco a cleanly and becoming practice? Snuff it, and it makes your nose a mere dustpan; chew it, and it soils your lips and teeth, and makes your mouth a nauseous distillery; smoke it, and it pollutes flesh and breath, earth and air; makes the chest a sort of volcano, and the mouth a crater venting smoke and fire. Is this gentlemanly or decent? When Governor Morris returned from France, a Doctor of Divinity, notorious as a smoker, said to him:—"Mr. Morris, do gentlemen smoke in Paris?" "Gentlemen," said Mr. Morris, "*Gentlemen*, doctor, smoke nowhere!"

ORNAMENT IN SINGING.—Do not sing music composed for the mere purpose of displaying compass, execution, or some peculiarity of voice. Such trickery should be avoided by all true singers. Cadences and *roulades* introduced to display the ability of the singer may frequently be given with taste and effect; but when made the *chief* characteristics of the piece, show want of mind in the composer, and want of taste in the singer. Where there has ever been a genuine taste for the grand and beautiful in any art, this admiration of what is merely novel and difficult, is one of the first symptoms of the decline of that true taste.

VERY UNHAPPY.

FLORA.—"Can you still see the steamer, Lucy, dear?"

LUCY.—"Oh, yes, quite plainly!"

FLORA.—"And dear, dear William, too?"

LUCY.—"Oh, yes!"

FLORA.—"Does he seem unhappy, now he is away from me?"

LUCY.—"Evidently, I should say, dear; for he is smoking a cigar, and drinking something out of a tumbler to cheer him, poor fellow!"

Agricultural.

SMALL BONE IN HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

There are many persons who indiscriminately condemn all horses that do not possess large leg-bones. Doubtless, good bone is a great desideratum in the horse; but persons are apt to form their conclusions solely from what bone he exhibits below the knee, and hind-leg below the hock. A horse that is termed "tied in below the knee" is bad—one is so weak from the hock downwards in a general way; but much depends on the shape and symmetrical proportion of both. For instance, a leg long in the shank, and tied in under the knee, will be far weaker than one in just proportion, though in point of measurement larger than another. I do not recollect an instance of a horse breaking his leg when ridden, though I have known such instances occur (particularly in frosty weather) when going down hill in coaches. But in my experience I never saw one instance of a leg yielding, so far as bone went, from being light in that particular. I could quote many instances of horses, light in bone, carrying heavy weights brilliantly. Blue Ruin carried his master, Mr. John Warde, who weighed twenty stone; when I knew the horse first, he carried the huntsman. He was, in Byron's words,

Robust, but not herculean—

a more strong hunter, as all Warde's horses were. Look at our Horse Guards' horses; many of them would be considered light in bone as hunters, to carry say thirteen stone; yet do these horses manage to get along with twenty two (I believe about the average weight of a Life Guardsman with all his accoutrements). It is true, they do not cross country, but they often go considerable distances to a review, and bear that weight for many hours. We all know that an egg properly poised, will bear immense pressure; three tobacco pipes, placed in a peculiar position, will sustain the pressure of a large pailful of water. Thus I hold that where light-boned horses are capable of carrying heavy weights, the attribute arises from a proper position of the bones and joints, irrespective of their size. We frequently see it thus with small-armed men; they are often the hardest hitters, the sharpest bowlers, and the longest throwers, and frequently can lift great weights from the ground with one hand (or rather arm.) It may be said all this is acquired knack. Granted; but all feats where activity joined to strength is wanted to require knack. We may call carrying eighteen stone with hounds knack. It is so in a great measure. Where more animal strength is required knack is not necessary. I am not prepared to affirm (though I have heard it done) that the bone of the thorough-bred horse is as strong as that of the cart-horse, so far as the mere bone is concerned, I should be tempted to doubt it, though I am quite aware of the great difference of texture between the two, which renders the bone of the former far stronger *in proportion* than that of the latter.

The best judge in the world cannot say what weight a horse is equal to *till he tries*. A peculiar way of going enables some horses to carry weight another stronger horse would make a very bad fight of it with. Horses learn this in time, and will very much alter their way of going to this end. Many horses at the beginning of a season show but *very* indifferently under high weight, that carry that weight with comparative ease to themselves at the end of it; the fact is, they have learnt how to save themselves, and to go in a form that renders the weight they have to carry manageable. The carpenter or blacksmith may be physically as strong as the miller or coal-porter, but they could not carry sacks of coals or flour with the same facility; nor could the coal-porter or miller wield the sledge-hammer as can the blacksmith. To show how we may alter a horse's way of going by light or heavy weight, we will first instance the hack and hunter. I believe every man who knows anything of horses, will concede to me, that the step of the hack should be light and quick; but, such step not being natural to all horses, let us suppose that we have a favorite, who has it not. Such failing may certainly be a good deal altered by urging him in his paces, and at the same time holding him, to show him it is not the going faster you want, but quickness of step. Riding him by the side of a horse quicker in his walk will also tend to improvement; but all this is a long job, and perhaps will not completely produce what we want, after all. Doubtless some persons will be surprised at the mode I should adopt, to bring about what I want. We will suppose the hack to have been accustomed to carry twelve stone; of this we will suppose him perfectly master, so that he can walk, trot, or canter in such way as he pleases, and is natural to him. Put eighteen or twenty stone on him; he will find with this weight, he cannot, as it were, lounge along quite at his case. What! I think I hear some reader say: put twenty stone on a horse to quicken his motions! Even so, gentle reader; but perhaps you have always been too aristocratic in your habits even to have carried anything heavier than, perchance, a small, enamelled leather (not portmanteau, for it would not hold a cloak, certain little indispensables for some purpose or other.) With this you stepped along, quite at your ease; but let me clap a trunk of a hundred weight on your shoulder—you would find the easy lounge wonderfully altered, and also find yourself compelled to go *"a petit pas,"* so as to enable each leg to come to the relief of the other in the quickest time possible. Weight acts on the paces of the horse in a similar way. It may seem at first a singular statement to make, but it is a true one; a horse inclined to be unsafe with a light weight, will often go perfectly safe with a heavy one; the fact is, he is to a certain degree alarmed at the unusual weight on his back, steps short and quick, and minds his business. Of course, I do not mean that such would be the case with a horse under any infirmity; the weight might have a prejudicial effect in this instance, though it does not absolutely follow that it would be so even in this case. We rarely see a hunter make a mistake with a heavy weight on him: the fact is, he feels conscious that, though he can recover himself after such a mistake or blunder, with ten stone on him, he could not do so with seventeen; so, either at fences or over rough ground, he is careful. A horse with a light weight will go striding carelessly along over all sorts of ground; but with a heavy one he feels, in the first place, obliged to collect himself, and in the next, as it were, to pick his way. It is having learned this that enables horses accustomed to carry weight to do so in a manner that often astonishes us, and which from their appearance we should never conceive them capable of doing.

I had the question mooted to me by a very sensible man, and a good judge of horses, though in no way a racing man. "Whether I did not think race horses would feel less the effect of weight when they came to run if accustomed to be exercised with nine stone on them instead of five or six?" I have no doubt but they would, and if all races were four miles, carrying twelve stone, the idea might be a good one; but my friend forgot that with the race-horse we want a different style of going to what is desirable in the hunter; we do not want the race-horse to carry great weight, or to go over rough ground, consequently we do not want to accustom or teach him to *collect*, but to *extend*, himself. We know quite well that a race-horse could not live four miles with eleven stone on him, going in the form of a two or a three-year-old for a mile, or a mile and a half, with eight, often in handicaps with six; but by the time the "old horse," that is, one four or five years old, contends for stakes at high weights, a little "leather flapping" has most probably taught him, like the hack or hunter, that difference of weight requires difference of action or form of going.—*London Field.*

A RULE by which you can tell whether any standing tree will make a stick of timber of any required length:—Measure from the root of the tree on the ground a distance equal to the length of the timber required, cut a stick just as long as from your eyes to the ground; set the stick up just its length towards the tree from the spot measured to, then sight from the place measured to, over the top of the standing stick, and were the eye strikes the tree will be the same distance from the ground as you are from the tree.

☞ There are some moments in existence which comprise the power of years, as thousands of roses are compressed into a few drops of their essence.

THE CORN CROP.

There is much difference of opinion and practice among farmers in the management of their corn crops. Some always practice cutting the stalks soon after the kernels have become glazed or checked, believing that such a course hastens the ripening of the corn; and the removal of the stalks greatly facilitates the process of harvesting, and that green-cut, well-cured cornstalks are much more valuable as winter forage for cattle, than the same would be if left uncut till the corn was fully ripened, as is the practice of some. We presume this is a correct idea. But experiments made some years since, by the Hon. W. Clark, of Massachusetts, seem to prove that the number of bushels of corn per acre was very much lessened where the stalks were cut, compared with portions of the field where the corn was not topped, but all left till the corn was fully ripened. By this experiment the loss in grain must have been much greater than the increased value of the green-cut stalks over the perfectly ripened fodder. But a difference of ten or twelve days' time in cutting the stalks might make a material difference in the value of the grain. We think it the safest way for those farmers that practice "topping" their corn, to cut their stalks quite late, rather than a few days too soon.

Well-cured cornfodder is a valuable winter feed for farm stock, and much care should be exercised in saving it in the best possible condition. Many farmers are quite too negligent in this matter. We have seen the stalks cut quite green, and many days too soon, bound in large bundles and put up in large shocks, where it remained during all weathers for weeks, or till the corn was harvested; heavy winds blew over many of the shocks, and drenching rains thoroughly wetted them, thus nearly ruined them as fodder. We have seen others cart them directly from the field as soon as bound in bundles, where from want of room and care a large portion of them became mouldy, and nearly rotten and worthless. We know some careful farmers that pursue a different course. They do not top their corn until most of the tops of the spindles are dead, and many of the husks have lost their green color. They cut their stalks in fair weather, bind them in small bundles, cart them to the barns, and place the bundles *astride* of poles extending from beam to beam across the barn floor. Here they dry without heating or growing mouldy. If they have not room enough over the barn floor, they make use of hovels or sheds, in curing them. Those that practice this method think they are fully compensated for all extra labor, in the enhanced value of the fodder.

Many farmers prefer letting the crop stand till the grains are principally glazed, and then cutting all near the surface of the ground, and shocking in the field, letting it remain there till dry enough for husking. Some contend the corn ripens as well as if left upon the separate hills. The fodder, as a whole, is thought to be worth much more cured by this method, than by any other process. The crop, when thus cut up and shocked, is placed beyond injury from frost—a matter of much consequence some years. There is but little if anything gained by cutting and shocking corn after it has been stricken by frost. In cutting up the corn as soon as fairly glazed, the fields can be cleared in season for sowing winter wheat or rye—sometimes a matter of much consequence.

Some contend the soundest and heaviest corn can only be grown by letting "nature take its course," that is, let the whole plant remain uncut till the corn is "dead ripe." This course probably may insure the greatest weight of corn per acre, if the autumn is favorable to its perfect maturing. We have more than once pursued this course, but found the labor of harvesting much greater, and thought the fodder less valuable.

Seasons vary so much, and the circumstances of farmers differ so greatly, (to say nothing of their prejudices,) that it would be idle for any one to attempt to point out *the* one best way—or rather, to say there was but *one* way under all circumstances.—*Country Gentleman.*

CURE FOR SHYING.—If a lady's horse be addicted to shying, I will give her a sure and simple cure for the same; one which I have never known to fail. Let us, for instance, suppose the existence of a large heap of stones on the near side of the road. The horse sees an indistinct gray object, and prepares to shy at it. The moment he shows such symptoms, let his fair rider turn both her eyes on exactly the opposite side of the road, (*i. e.* the off side) and look steadily away from the offending heap, and I'll engage that the horse will walk quietly by.

For many years I have ridden horses of all tempers and dispositions, some of them much given to shying, and have never yet found this simple remedy to fail in its effect. Let those who scoff at me try it. The reason is this: the human eye has, doubtless, a great influence on all animals, and there is a strong and secret sympathy between the horse and his rider; the horse sees an indistinct object, and looks doubtfully at it; his rider becomes alarmed, imagining that the animal is going to commit some eccentricity; the fear is communicated to the animal, and he starts in terror from the object which has frightened him; whereas, if he finds that his rider sits unmoved and unconcernedly, he regains his confidence, and goes on, "in the even tenor of his way." I believe that one half of our horses are ruined for life by being "hit over the head" by grooms to cure them of shying.

BISHOP HORNE ON THE NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. He says:—"The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel. What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and prodigacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estates, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct thee."

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 123 letters.

My 1, 4, 3, was the daughter of Cadmus and Hermianes, and wife of Athamas.

My 2, 5, 8, 12, was the goddess of report.

My 34, 62, 37, 40, 42, was a goddess of eloquence.

My 41, 78, 38, 50, was the same as Bellona.

My 51, 73, 92, 81, 106, 95, 12, was the goddess of weeding.

My 6, 11, 10, 14, was a city of Phrygia, famous for holding out a siege of ten years against the Greeks, but they at last captured and destroyed it.

My 7, 81, 29, 21, was the daughter of Aer and Tellus, who pined away for love of Narcissus.

My 90, 55, 108, 16, 5, was a name of Cybele.

My 9, 35, 32, was the god of shepherds.

My 13, 18, 20, 26, 87, 39, was a goddess of new-born infants.

My 22, 36, 112, 15, 96, 73, 60, was the first King of Rome.

My 30, 85, 43, 59, 77, was the son of Colum and Terra, and the eldest brother of Saturn.

My 44, 45, 46, 54, was a beautiful woman of Sestos, in Thrace—priestess of Venus. Leander, of Abydos, loved her so tenderly that he swam over the Hellespont every night to see her, but he was at length unfortunately drowned. She threw herself into the sea, through despair.

My 52, 53, 58, 84, was one of the names of Cupid.

My 66, 91, 1, 68, 99, was a great and mighty hunter.

My 70, 72, 102, 120, 78, 11, was the god of dread and fear.

My 83, 82, 73, 61, 98, was a goddess of new-born infants.

My 15, 19, 23, 85, was a goddess of corn.

My 24, 25, 30, 31, was one of the Naiades.

My 48, 17, 29, 1, 4, 105, was a monster, born of Typhon and Echidna, who destroyed herself because Œdipus solved the enigma she proposed.

My 57, 5, 16, 94, 73, 107, was the bull under whose form Jupiter carried away Europa.

My 69, 59, 16, 4, 113, was a name of Cybele.

My 71, 96, 82, 81, 114, was a title of Pluto.

My 99, 14, 90, 121, was a son of Cœlus and Terra, and represented as having a hundred hands.

My 17, 98, 86, 30, 48, was the goddess of shepherds.

My 27, 3, 28, 33, 63, were the three daughters of Nox and Erebus—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos—intrusted with the lives of mortals.

My 49, 115, 97, 75, 56, 53, was a goddess of silence.

My 79, 31, 67, 35, 95, 88, 120, was the god of harrowing.

My 89, 94, 123, 72, 114, was the goddess of love and beauty.

My 18, 74, 33, 47, 74, 113, was a rural deity.

My 100, 86, 102, 16, 107, was a title of Bacchus.

My 101, 104, 15, 109, 5, was the goddess of fire.

My 110, 116, 48, 18, 50, was a name of Mars among the Gauls.

My 111, 61, 119, 35, 4, 72, 114, was an ancient sea-god.

My 115, 16, 122, 122, was the sister and wife of Jupiter.

My 117, 86, 121, 120, 112, was the goddess of flowers.

My 119, 2, 16, 4, 72, 15, was the son of Mercury and Nox, and father of the Fauns, or rural gods.

My whole was a prophetic truth, spoken by the "founder of Religious Liberty." GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first inhabits the stormy sea,
And sports in the ocean's wave;
Darting swiftly, wild and free,
O'er many a mariner's grave.

My second forms the human frame
Beneath the flesh secrete;
And animals all have the same
That fly or walk on feet.

My whole is seen in every dress
Which ladies now-days wear,
To spread them out it does possess
A power wondrous rare.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of letters three,
When you guess it, which soon will be,
I know you'll readily say with me,
"It's a troublesome little animal;"
Transpose me, and I quickly shall
Be the opposite of nature;
If you'll behead me, I am sure,
I'll soon change my position,
And become a preposition;
If you'll me again reverse,
I'm an article of commerce.

New York. "NED" T.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 5 letters.

Erase my 2, 4, and transpose, and I cover fourths of the surface of the globe.

Erase my 1, 5, and transpose, and I am a protection for the head.

Erase my 1, and I am that which every man sures every time he steps.

Erase my 4, 5, and transpose, and I am the fluid of all vegetation.

Erase my 3, and transpose, and I am in one sense relation of certain parts of speech to other words.

My whole is something that always was everywhere that is everywhere, and always will be everywhere.

Tiffin, Ohio. JOHN W. CRAMER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Shine-lead.
2. Dear-is-hur.
3. Mor-coin.
4. I-reat-ceres.
5. We hit.
6. A-core.
7. O-limbe!
8. I-lag.

CINR

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain town in Connecticut, according to the provisions of the liquor law of that State, an agent for the sale of liquors was appointed by the Selectmen. The town takes all the profits of the year's business, or stands all the losses,—paying the agent a salary of $65. The town furnishes the agent at the commencement of the year with cash $52, and liquors to the amount of $59 50. During his agency he paid for liquors bought $261 53, and received for liquors *sold* $293 93. At the end of the year he returned liquors worth $81. Q. Did the town make or lose, and how much? Did the town owe the agent? or the agent owe the town? how much? J. E.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a kiss like some sermons? Answer. Because there are two heads and an application.

☞ Why is dancing like new milk? Ans.—Because it makes you look warm (luke-warm) and cause it strengthens the calves.

☞ A gentleman who was watching a lady noticed that she broke her thread, in spite of the shc used upon it. "Why," said he, "are you the moon?" The lady didn't know. "Because, replied, with a feeble grin, "you wax (wane) and wane)!"

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA—The remarkable blooming, creeping cereus. MISCELLANE ENIGMA—Time brings all things to light. RADE—Fire-wood. CHARADE—The Post. Po-a-tea } RIDDLE—Starch. ANAGRAMS—Alto Canton, Clarion, Columbia, Damascus, Easton, over, Lebanon, Montrose, Wellsboro. ARITHTICAL QUESTION—The height of the pile of lots is found to measure a little more than 5 feet, inches.

☞ A bad thought and decayed tooth alike in this respect—the sooner both are of your head the better.